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SEPTEMBER 1944

The American Mercury

THE PROMISE OF AMERICA

Russell Davenport

SECRETARY OF WAR STIMSON E. T. Folliard & W. Costello

WHAT DOCTORS KNOW ABOUT FATIGUE Dr. R. H. Feldt

INSIDE THE STORK CLUB

Russell Whelan

MADAME CHIANG

by Emily Hahn



HYRSCHFELD

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THREE STORIES ABOUT THE BAZOOKA

Invasion Story

★ A German fort was causing considerable trouble to an American landing party. One soldier detached himself from the party, and waded ashore with a Bazooka. With one shot he knocked out the fort, and the Germans surrendered.—From a report from the European theatre.

Jungle Story

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Front Story

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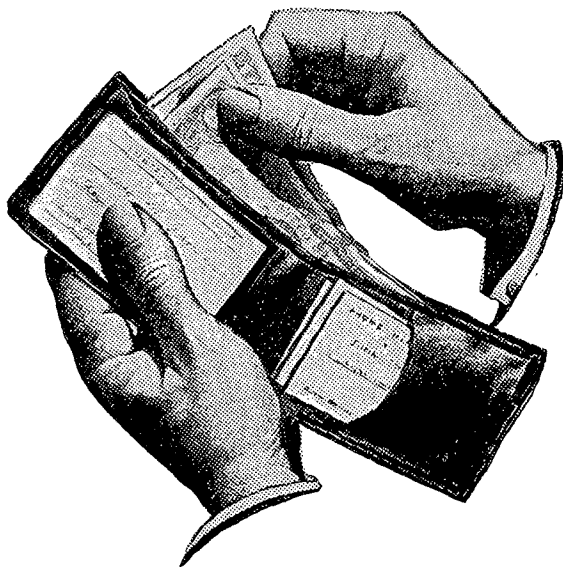
Since then General Electric has turned out hundreds of thousands of Bazookas, but the story of how the first several thousand were produced remains a tribute to G-E workmen, and another example of how G-E engineering and manufacturing experience work to meet America's needs—in war, and peace. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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How to prevent inflation in one easy lesson



Put that money back in your pocket!

When a lot of people want the same thing, its price goes up.

Americans have more money today—much more—than there are things to buy with it.

So every big or little thing you buy—that you can possibly do without—cuts supplies and bids prices up on what is left.

Rising prices spell inflation. And every inflation has been followed by a cruel and bitter depression . . . men out of work, homes lost, families suffering.

We don't want inflation; we don't want another depression.

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

4 THINGS TO DO to keep prices down and help avoid another depression

1. *Don't* buy a thing you can do without.
2. *Never* pay more than the ceiling price. Always give stamps for rationed goods.
3. *Don't* take advantage of war conditions to fight for more money for yourself or goods you sell.
4. *Save.* Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to help pay for the war and insure your future. Keep up your insurance.

**HELP
US
KEEP**

PRICES DOWN

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME
LIX

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LAWRENCE E. SPIVAK, *Editor and Publisher*
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American fighters make sure our big guns are hitting enemy installations. Artillery fire control crew receive directional data from observers and pass it on to gun crews.

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In circulation, THE MERCURY is small compared with mass-popular publications. But in content, THE MERCURY carries much that makes MERCURY readers make up their minds . . . want to start or stop doing something. And as MERCURY readers include no mean portion of opinion makers . . . three thousand editors, reporters, and writers, for instance . . . it isn't hard to understand why important opinion in THE MERCURY so often initiates effective action.

Lawrence E. Spivak

PUBLISHER

CHECK LIST

WOODROW WILSON, by Gerald W. Johnson. \$2.00. *Harper*. WOODROW WILSON AND THE LOST PEACE, by Thomas A. Bailey. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. Mr. Johnson's book is subtitled, "As the Camera Saw Him Then and as We Begin to See Him Today." It is made up chiefly of pictures, collected by the editors of *Look*, with sharp and illuminating running comments by Mr. Johnson, who also supplies an excellent critical and biographical introduction. Mr. Johnson is not unmindful of Wilson's faults, but he also sees the growing stature of the man and implies that the peace-makers of this war had better study the work of the man who was President of the United States during World War I.

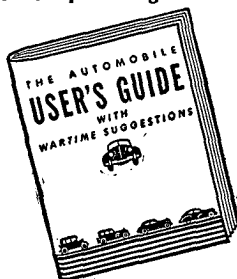
Dr. Bailey, who is professor of history at Leland Stanford, comes out boldly — though by no means uncritically — for a fuller appreciation of Wilson's achievements — and an impartial examination of his failures. Most of the latter, he maintains, were by no means inevitable. Had Wilson been more tactful with his opponents, a little more conscious of Europe's historic troubles, and more willing to take the American people into his confidence, he might have succeeded in almost all his objectives — and possibly averted World War II. Both books supplement each other very neatly and both are written briskly.

CHINA LOOKS FORWARD, by Sun Fo. \$3.00. *John Day*. The author is the son of Sun Yat-sen, Father of the Chinese Republic. He is described by Lin Yutang, who provides an introduction to the book, as "quite possibly the most outstanding social thinker of China today." The book consists of speeches he made after visiting Moscow. He hopes that Soviet Russia and China will be partners in a holy crusade for "world regeneration," and he declares that "if Britain and America want to maintain their position in the Far East, they will have to give us positive, unstinted help."

(Continued on page 376)

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An ADVENTURE in transportation



... that had a lot to do with the growth of Inter-American friendship and economic unity

BACK in the early 1900's, when the United Fruit Company ordered three luxurious cargo-passenger ships for the Caribbean run, many shipping men declared—"that route will never pay—nobody wants to travel to Middle America"!

Amid such discouragements the Great White Fleet was born. *Time soon proved the company right* in the belief that thousands would explore Middle America, if they could cruise there in comfort. Just before Pearl Harbor the Great White Fleet was carrying 50,000 people a year—

diplomats, business and professional men and hosts of gay vacationists.

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The Great White Fleet and other Caribbean lines played an important part in developing this Inter-American economic unity and friendship . . . *Today the fleet is on war duty, but some day it will return to its historic role of promoting intercourse between the Americas.*

Great White Fleet

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY



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PANAMA ★ COLOMBIA ★ CUBA ★ JAMAICA, B.W.I.

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The American MERCURY

THE PROMISE OF AMERICA

BY RUSSELL DAVENPORT

THE unique — and perhaps fatal — fact about the United States is that it was born with a purpose. It was the child, not merely of geography and power, but of an idea. It was an invention.

Almost all the great American statesmen have recognized this fact. They have seen the U. S., not merely in terms of sovereign power, but in terms of man. "The cause of America," wrote Tom Paine, "is in great measure the cause of all mankind." Said Thomas Jefferson, "I have no fear but that the result of our experiment will be, that men may be trusted to govern themselves without a master. . . . Nor are we acting for ourselves alone, but for the whole human

race." Said Andrew Jackson, "Providence . . . has chosen you as the guardians of freedom, to preserve it for the benefit of the human race." Abraham Lincoln was concerned lest government of, by, and for the people perish, not merely from America, but from the earth. And in our own time Woodrow Wilson said, "Let us remind ourselves that we are the custodians in some degree of the principles which have made men free."

This fact about the United States is unique because no other nation — certainly no great power — came into being in this way. Other nations have given birth to purposes. But a purpose gave birth to the United States.

Yet it may also prove to be fatal:

RUSSELL DAVENPORT was formerly managing editor of *Fortune* magazine. He resigned in 1940 to become Coordinator of Wendell Willkie's pre-nomination campaign, and was the candidate's personal representative during that campaign. He served two years as chief editorial writer of *Life*, from which he has resigned to do independent work.

for if America is the outcome of a purpose, it follows that in order to maintain America intact, the purpose must be maintained intact. America without a purpose would undoubtedly be a very great power: yet it would not be America as we have known America; it would be something else. The preservation of what we call the "American way of life," so vividly summarized in the Declaration of Independence, must certainly involve the preservation of the purpose around which the Declaration was conceived. Should we lose the purpose we would inevitably lose the meaning of the Declaration of Independence.

II

As we look out across our time it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the American purpose, or the American sense of purpose, has dwindled. There were plenty of evidences of our purpose just before and during World War I — for example Woodrow Wilson's great battle-cry, "Make the world safe for democracy." That phrase sounds phony to us today, but this is because we have made it sound phony. As a G.I. of that war I can testify that the American purpose, thus expressed, had meaning in those days. Says Sumner Welles, in *The Time for Decision*, "We had been thrilled to the depths of our emotional and intellectual being by the vision that Woodrow Wilson held out to us of a world order founded on justice and on democracy. . . . Not

least was our pride that our United States had asserted leadership in this great crusade."

It was only after World War I that the concept of purpose began to dwindle. Though tricked out with a little international finery, the Republican platform of 1920 was in effect a denial of any purpose beyond our shores. In Harding the people elected an adroit politician who had at one time or another spoken on *both* sides of the American purpose, which was then symbolized by the League of Nations. During the twenties the concept of the American purpose was liquidated in the concept of American prosperity. Americans forgot that they had any purpose other than their own well-being, and any suggestion that they had entered World War I with the intention of fulfilling a purpose was anathematized by the intellectuals as "propaganda."

There has been much speculation concerning the causes of the depression of 1930 and the reasons why the nation was unable to recover from it. As one who has done his share of the speculating, I should like to suggest that the real answer is not to be found in economics, where we have mostly looked for it. The real answer is, I believe, that America lost her sense of purpose, as regards mankind. Of all the criticisms levelled against the New Deal, there is one that I should like especially to recommend to future historians for their serious consideration. This is not "maladministration." It is not "bureaucracy." It is

not even the almost suicidal ignorance of the New Dealers regarding business and industry. It is, rather, that the New Deal tried to "fix" America without restoring the sense of purpose that *is* America.

Swept onward by the isolationist intellectuals, the New Deal developed a body of policies which, with a few exceptions (such as the Hull trade treaties), followed a nationalistic line. Using hindsight, we can see now that the only way out of that long depression was the economic improvement of *other* peoples; the creation of world markets, not only for goods but also for capital; and the maintenance of our armed forces, especially naval and air, at a realistic defensive level for the protection of peaceful trade. Yet these measures would have been political heresies in the thirties.

None of the New Deal's domestic economic gadgetry could work, because the New Deal's foreign policy was faulty. And its foreign policy was faulty because it could not conceive of a purpose for the United States.

III

During the last year a tremendous change has come over American psychology. The great naval victories in the Pacific, the Italian campaign, and the epic forcing of the coast of Normandy have demonstrated that we are a very great and powerful people. From a dark and negative era of domestic frustration and international timidity, we have lifted ourselves to

a point where — if we knew how — we could inaugurate one of the most positive and productive eras in our history.

Just at this critical point, however, the U. S. finds itself bewildered. We seem to be drifting through a world of fire and destruction, without a goal. We do not find within ourselves positive answers capable of leading us out into a new future. Neither the political leaders, nor the parties, nor the press, nor the schools, nor the church, nor the intellectuals seem able to frame a great, new American affirmation.

As a result, just when we ought to be providing leadership for the world, we have become involved in a host of secondary issues — the soldier vote, labor, future jobs, bureaucracy, monetary stabilization, etc. Some of these issues may not appear secondary — indeed, many of them are of crucial importance. Yet they are secondary in the sense that we cannot decide any of them until we have decided one issue that is at once simpler and more profound: are we going to proceed in the manner of Tom Paine, with a purpose, or in the manner of the last two decades, without a purpose?

This is the issue that every American must decide for himself, before he can decide any other issue.

For myself, I have irrevocably cast my lot with Tom Paine. I know that millions of other Americans have, too. And I believe that as this momentous issue becomes clearer, other millions will feel the same way. I don't think

Tom Paine's America is finished: I think it is just beginning.

Casting one's lot with Tom Paine, however, means the acceptance of a fundamental proposition, defining the American purpose in general terms. This proposition is:

The purpose for which the United States was founded, and in which it must persist, is to make men free.

If we accept the purpose we must accept the proposition. But as soon as we accept the proposition there falls upon us a heavy burden of definition. To free what men? To free them how? And what do we mean by freedom?

IV

I do not think that up to now we who believe in Tom Paine have done a very good job in clarifying and modernizing our belief. I think we have let the people down in this regard, and have made it exceedingly difficult for those leaders who agree with us to act effectively in the political sphere. I think that, privately and publicly, we had better get to work. And by way of practicing what I preach, I want to offer the following set of principles, which appear to me indispensable to a definition of freedom in our time, and hence, of the American purpose in our time. The principles are four in number. They are dynamically interrelated, no one of them being valid without the support of the other three. And they constitute, in my view, a minimum platform for those who would rather

die than return to the America of Warren G. Harding.

1. *Freedom cannot be exclusive: potentially or in fact it must include all mankind.*

This is one of the cardinal principles of American democracy which we apply with confidence within our own borders. We do not think of freedom as the possession of farmers, or of labor, or of employers: if one group is to have it, all must have it. Otherwise, we know, it will fall.

In only one respect do we intentionally violate this principle, and this is in regard to racial differences: we have not even yet granted political and economic equality to the Negro, and this means that we are trying to some extent to keep freedom exclusive for whites. This attempt cost us one bloody war, and will cost another if we continue on our present course. For if freedom is to survive for one, it must be established for all: the attempt to make it exclusive *in any sense* is suicidal.

Equally urgent is the application of this principle beyond our shores. Freedom cannot long survive in America if we conceive of it as exclusively American. The attempt to make freedom exclusive nationally will in the end be just as fatal as the attempt to make it exclusive racially or factionally.

Those who interpret the American purpose as a world purpose are accused of unwarranted idealism. Yet they are really more practical than their

“isolationist” opponents. They see clearly that the surest way to preserve our own freedom is to expand the base of freedom beyond our own shores — help others to be free — get them on our side. If our purpose is exclusively American we shall always be in danger of finding ourselves alone. If our purpose concerns mankind, we shall never be alone.

Of course we cannot reach out to the world in terms of conquest and empire: we cannot force people to be free. Our job is rather to encourage men, as Jefferson put it, “to govern themselves without a master.” By our policies of state we must strengthen those who already have freedom, and encourage others to try for it. We must make freedom safer and more easily available.

To do this we must encourage a generous (and sometimes a commercially unprofitable) outflow of ideas, resources, appliances, and customs from our free society. And we must bear a heavy and *definite* share in the maintenance of world peace, without which freedom cannot thrive, even here at home.

When Tom Paine said that the cause of America is in great measure the cause of all mankind, he was speaking as in a vision. But today this statement is no vision, it is a fact — a fact of applied mechanics, aerodynamics, and electronics. If the people of Wisconsin want to be free, they must concern themselves with the freedom of the people of Pinsk, Peiping, and Patagonia.

2. *Political freedom cannot be segregated from economic freedom.*

The basis of freedom, to be sure, is political, and is set forth in the Bill of Rights. Yet the Bill of Rights is meaningless in our industrial society for any individual whose resources fall below a minimum, or decent standard. The Bill of Rights does not bring the benefits of freedom to the man who lacks the resources to maintain his health, or whose scanty income is consumed in trying to maintain the health of his family. Nourishment, shelter, medical attention, care of children, are essentials of modern freedom, and the ability to maintain them irrespective of the decision of an employer is just as much a part of freedom as is the right of free speech. Indeed, the maintenance of a minimum security is integral to the right of free speech, because when men are insecure they cannot dare to speak freely.

This is the great, new revolutionary principle that we of our time have discovered. It is a principle that we have had to add to the original formula of the founders, in order to make freedom a reality in an industrial age. And we have only made a beginning. If political freedom is to survive, we must bring about a much greater degree of economic freedom, in terms of security, than we have hitherto attempted.

And here again our efforts cannot be confined to ourselves, cannot be exclusive. If we are to promote the concept of freedom in other lands,

we must help the peoples of those lands to raise themselves to a decent economic level. Poverty-stricken peoples lack the education and resources of freedom; and moreover, if our policies of state increase or prolong their poverty, this will eventually turn against us and our idea. Thus, if our purpose is freedom, one of the big tasks of the immediate future is to raise the standard of living of other peoples. Such a policy would constitute a protection of our own standard of living, far more practical than the so-called protective tariff — and far more inspiring.

3. *But while security is necessary to freedom, the two are not synonymous: the free life is a life of risk.*

This is the principle that the New Deal mislaid. Indeed, the struggle to obtain minimum economic security has been so intense that the country has become divided into two camps: those who put their whole emphasis on security and those who put their whole emphasis on “free enterprise,” risk, and profit. We have not as yet been able to understand that the two are complementary, that one cannot exist without the other.

The psychological fruit of freedom is individual initiative, the ability and willingness of the individual to risk his time and energy and resources on something he very much wants. When our society fails to grow this fruit it will become barren; and if barren, nothing can stop it from degenerating into a slave society. Thus,

whatever restrictions and regulations may be necessary to our future stability, and however much the necessities of life may have to be socialized, there must always remain a large (indeed, infinite) area of “free enterprise,” in which individuals can anticipate rewards for risks that they undertake. This means that markets must remain open and that competition must be, not only enforced, but encouraged.

But if freedom of enterprise is essential to the American purpose, so is freedom of work; and in a mass-production society, freedom of work can be achieved only through union organization. Employers who fail to recognize this fact are violating the first principle here set forth — that is, they are trying to keep freedom exclusively for themselves. The American unions are, in a real sense, guardians of American freedom; they must not be curtailed but, on the contrary, greatly expanded. On the other hand, the violation of the principles of democratic unionism by selfish union leaders (of which there are still many) should be checked and punished by the people.

4. *Freedom is not a license: basically, it is a discipline.*

Here is another principle that we have mislaid. We think of freedom as a general franchise to do anything we want; yet this is true only so long as we are resolved *not* to do certain things. A society composed chiefly of murderers and robbers could not be

a "free" society, in our sense of the word; it is only after murder and robbery have been mastered by the overwhelming majority that people can begin to be free. Freedom is a state of being for animals that are highly evolved. If we want it to continue we must encourage the evolution.

The discipline of freedom is not a state discipline, but self-discipline administered by the state. And Americans are relatively far advanced along this road. However, the distance that lies ahead is infinite. Especially in foreign policy, we must learn that our freedom depends upon our ability *not* to do certain things which we would otherwise do — things which people with a primary desire for power or empire (for example) certainly would do.

The fulfillment of the American purpose, therefore, depends in the final analysis upon whether our future citizens can be taught a higher political discipline — in the homes, in the schools, in the churches, and in the press and radio.

V

Any attempt to condense fundamental political issues into a few words runs the danger of generalization. The above principles are, admittedly, general. Yet they are susceptible of elaboration in detail, and if the reader will thus elaborate them in his mind my belief is that he will find them productive.

In any case, as already observed, it is important to conceive of them as an interrelated whole. No one of them can stand alone. It is meaningless to say that freedom must be universal (not exclusive) unless we also agree that its realization is an economic as well as a political task. It is dangerous to insist upon economic security as an ingredient of freedom unless we also insist upon freedom of enterprise and work. And it is despicable to preach freedom in any form unless we are willing to impose upon ourselves the discipline of freedom, whether in domestic or in foreign affairs.

But when conceived as a dynamic whole, and elaborated, I believe these principles can provide us with at least a working definition of what we mean when we talk about making men free.

Americans want freedom, and until recently they have had a wonderful technique for achieving it. This is the technique of practical idealism. The greatest American men of action have been men with ideals. And the greatest American idealists have been doers. That is what it means to be an American.

We of our time have failed to make this combination, so indispensable to freedom: And we have failed to make it because we have lost the golden key to an understanding of what America is. We have tried to be "practical," to seek only our own rewards, to be like other nations.

But America is not just a nation. America is everywhere.

SECRETARY OF WAR STIMSON

By EDWARD T. FOLLIARD and WILLIAM COSTELLO

AFTER Henry L. Stimson was appointed Secretary of War, a Washington columnist wrote: "He obviously is not the person to put driving force into a rearmament program or to reorganize the Army. He is not new blood. He is an old symbol." The columnist expressed a popular opinion at that crucial time, mid-summer 1940, when Germans were goosestepping proudly under the Arc de Triomphe; when Britain stood alone; and when the United States had an army of only 200,000. The appointments of the two old-line Republicans, Stimson and Frank Knox, to the War and Navy Cabinet posts respectively were taken as political expedients — moves by President Roosevelt toward a third term.

Four years later you can still get an argument in Washington over the President's motive in appointing Stimson, but you will have greater difficulty in getting an argument over his wisdom in choosing him for the job. For somewhat to New Deal Washington's surprise, Stimson — seventy-six years old and still a Republican — has

emerged as a great Secretary of War — a notable figure in Cabinet history.

He is probably the hardest worker in his department and the most thorough. An officer laid a report on his desk one day. Stimson riffled through it, and as the officer lingered, the Secretary asked: "Is there anything else?"

"I thought perhaps you'd like to initial it," the officer explained, "so I can move it along."

"Do you mean you expect me to sign this without having read it?" Stimson asked, sternly. The officer, telling the story later, declared: "I got the hell out of there — fast."

Civilian aids in the War Department assure you: "Secretary Stimson never interferes with the Army, but in the War Department he's boss. Make no mistake about that."

On the other hand, professional soldiers assert, "The Army is subordinate to the civilian Secretary, but this is General Marshall's Army. He built it. Make no mistake about that."

This is not double-talk. Both can be right, even though when you try

WILLIAM COSTELLO, a former correspondent in the Far East, writes a column on *Pacific Affairs* for the *Washington Post* and other papers, and is a commentator for CBS. **EDWARD T. FOLLIARD** has been a reporter for the *Washington Post* twenty-three years. His present assignment is the Presidential campaign.

to determine just where the War Department leaves off and the Army begins, it's like trying to split a gnat's eyebrow. Technically the line of demarcation is there, but actually, it's almost invisible.

In corridor E on the third floor of the now legendary Pentagon Building, the office labeled SECRETARY OF WAR is next to one bearing the sign CHIEF OF STAFF. Set in the three-inch partition between the two offices is a door that is never locked. No secretary or guard mans it. That fact symbolizes the relationship between the two men directly responsible for building the greatest armed force in world history. Throughout the months before and after Pearl Harbor, nothing has come between them.

At any hour of the day the door may open from General Marshall's side and the Chief of Staff will stride to the big desk saying, "Mr. Secretary, I'd like your judgment on this." Or a conference may be in progress in the Secretary's office, and Stimson will rise and move to the door saying, "Excuse me. I'd like to consult General Marshall on this."

This unaltered relationship after four crucial years is no less a tribute to General Marshall than to his superior; but most of all it is indicative of why Henry L. Stimson has emerged with the stature of a Cincinnatus. It explains the high respect in which he is held among officials, soldiers and politicians.

When he took the Cabinet post, it seemed Stimson had committed politi-

cal suicide. The Republican National Committee, meeting in Philadelphia, paused in its deliberations to issue a shocked rebuke: Henry L. Stimson and Frank Knox, having accepted Cabinet jobs from a Democratic President, were "no longer qualified to speak as Republicans or for the Republican Party." No credit was given the President for offering key posts in the preparedness program to members of the opposition party; and no respect was shown for Stimson's motives in accepting the arduous post.

II

It was probably the first time in Stimson's seventy-two years that he had been seriously accused of inconstancy. He is a man who does not change easily. His friends say he would no more untie his life-long Republican moorings than he would switch his way of parting his hair down the middle or modify his old-fashioned suits, which the same tailor has been making for him since the days of T.R. and Taft. However, he was equally unperturbed by the denunciations of former Republican allies and by the cynicism of press and officialdom. He knew the task that lay ahead — a task for a united people. A few days earlier, in an address at Yale University, he had called for compulsory military training, a two-ocean navy, repeal of the neutrality act, and permission for British and French warships to call at our ports.

Whatever Stimson may think of

Rooseveltian domestic policies — and on them he is, perhaps indicatively, silent publicly — he was an early and unwavering supporter of the President's foreign policies. If anything, he is the more thoroughgoing internationalist of the two.

The Senate, of course, had to confirm his nomination as Secretary of War, and in the hearings which followed, Stimson was called an Anglo-maniac, a militarist, and "Warmonger No. 1." It was charged that he and Knox were to be the nucleus of a "war cabinet." Stimson, never at ease on Capitol Hill, bore up reasonably well on this occasion. At one point, while the senators were quizzing him, he smiled and said: "If you go on reading from my past statements, you'll make me feel like Winston Churchill for having been right so often."

Once he had cleared the political hurdle and his nomination was confirmed, Stimson plunged with characteristic forthrightness into the task of building an army for the war ahead. He was immediately at home in his environment, and his first act showed it.

On his first day in office, he called on General of the Armies John J. Pershing. The veteran had not been in robust health for several years but, even in retirement, he had never ceased to wield a powerful influence in military councils. Stimson had served under him in France twenty-two years earlier as commander of a field artillery regiment, and it was natural

as well as politic that he should establish working relations at once. Since then, Pershing's advice made itself felt in the present Army more than once in the selection of such men as Marshall, Eisenhower and MacArthur for key commands. Some of the wisecracks call them "Pershing's boys," forgetting it is Stimson who holds the ultimate power.

For it was no aggressiveness on Pershing's part which gave his counsels weight. It was, rather, a tacit recognition on Stimson's part of the basic principle in the structure of the War Department — the pyramidal system which permits all questions or disagreements to be resolved by order.

Stimson understands and believes in that system. In a sense, it underlies his entire career, and one of the best ways of explaining Stimson's success as Secretary of War in difficult circumstances is to trace his connections, personal and political, with it.

III

Several years ago, Drew Pearson and Robert Allen, in their first *Washington Merry-Go-Round* volume, did a sketch of Stimson which was not altogether kindly but did concede this: "He is a fighter, but first of all he is a soldier."

His soldierly qualities come naturally. His family settled in Massachusetts more than 300 years ago. One of his ancestors, George Stimson, fought the Indians in King Philip's War, and a later one, also named George, served

as a captain in the Revolutionary War. The martial record of the Stimsons was further lengthened by the Secretary's father, Lewis Atterbury Stimson, who served as a captain and aide-de-camp in the Civil War.

Henry Lewis Stimson's youth was conventional—Phillips Andover, Yale and Harvard Law school. He had no financial worries. Grandfather Henry Clark Stimson had founded the family fortune as a banker and railroad magnate, and his grandson could look forward to a life of leisure, provided he wanted it that way. As it happened, Henry Stimson did not want it that way, and he proved quite capable of making his fortune in the practice of law.

Stimson's legal and military careers started almost simultaneously. Upon leaving Harvard before getting a law degree, he entered the New York law firm headed by Elihu Root, and about the same time he joined Squadron A, a unit of the New York National Guard manned largely by social registerites. It would be hard to say which association was to exercise the greater pull on him in the years that followed.

Young Stimson developed a profound admiration for Elihu Root, and never lost it. Today, as you enter the Secretary's office, the first object to meet your eye is a carefully-lighted portrait of Root hanging above Stimson's chair.

Root launched Stimson on his career of public service when he was Theodore Roosevelt's Secretary of War. One day the two older men

were riding in beautiful Rock Creek Park, when T.R. asked Root if he knew a soldierly-looking horseman on the other side of the stream.

"Lieutenant Stimson, of the New York National Guard," replied Root — and then shouted across the creek: "Lieutenant Stimson! The Secretary of War orders you to report to your Commander-in-Chief!"

The creek was boiling with flood waters, but Stimson didn't hesitate. Plunging his horse down the steep bank, he splashed through the stream and drew up on the other side. Then, facing T.R., he saluted smartly.

"Dee-lighted!" cried the apostle of the strenuous life. "I didn't think you'd be such a fool."

Not long after this display of dash and energy, the appointment of Stimson as Federal district attorney in the Southern district of New York, went through. This was the era of the Big Stick and Roosevelt trust-busting, and Stimson lived up to T.R.'s expectations. He attacked a combine of sugar manufacturers, recovered more than \$3,000,000 in import duties and sent several officials to prison. His reputation went up further when he convicted Charles W. Morse of misappropriating funds of the Bank of North America and put him behind bars.

It was during this period that Stimson had his first insight into the complex machinery of the War Department and the Army. Elihu Root stamped himself indelibly on the Department by a basic reorganization of

command; Stimson watched the change in process, and shared the views of his law partner and hero.

Previously, the Army had been organized on a system of parallel commands. That is, it was composed of various semi-autonomous bureaus, each equal in rank and each reporting only to the Secretary. Root considered such a system unmilitary, because there was no way of resolving disagreements except by adjudication by the Secretary.

In its place, he installed a General Staff Corps and "pyramidal" system by which the "chain of command" extended without interruption straight from the lowliest buck private to the Chief of Staff. Root's plan, with some modifications to strengthen the pyramid, is still in existence.

IV

Stimson's approval of the Root system proved to be the touchstone of his first major public office. There is a reminder of this in one of the corridors of the Pentagon Building where the oil paintings of former secretaries are hung. Under one is the inscription:

Henry L. Stimson
Secretary of War, 1911-13

Stimson was appointed to the post by President Taft to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Secretary Jacob M. Dickinson. The figure in the Pentagon portrait differs little in appearance from the Stimson who returned to head the War Department in 1940. It shows a lithe, well-propor-

tioned man with a patrician nose surmounted by glasses. He is attired in the riding habit which he often wore to the office in those days, so we don't see the habitual starched collar or the heavy gold watch chain across the high-buttoned vest. However, then as now, he wore a cropped mustache — an adornment which has changed only as time has streaked it with gray.

Stimson filled his first two-year term in the Cabinet capably but without distinction. It was not until his second term and in the early part of this year that his devotion to the Root pyramidal system achieved full expression.

It came about in proposals for a merger of the Army, Navy and Air Force and all their branches into a single department. To Stimson such a development is inevitable. His reasoning is simple: a military force functions on the principle of obedience to command. There is room for difference of opinion in staff councils, but in the interest of speed and efficiency, especially in this day of incredibly complex combined operations, none for differences at the battle fronts. Hence he believes the present system is anachronistic, a hangover from the days when communications were inadequate and the man in uniform had few specialized functions. He has been the leader of the demand for merger, and the lessons of Pearl Harbor and the Philippines in 1941 have made Congress receptive. There is reason to believe Stimson had won Secretary of the Navy Knox around to his point

of view, but Secretary Forrestal has been less receptive, and the Navy bureau chiefs are endeavoring to keep their traditional prerogatives.

Those who know the Secretary do not hesitate to predict that his views will ultimately prevail. Stimson has given the problem thirty-five years of study. He is not a man to be lightly dismissed once his opinions have crystallized. In the struggle, there will be no ringing declarations, no spectacular headline-hunting. That's not the way Stimson works.

His position in the matter is buttressed by the fact that he knows the Army not only from the civilian but also from the military side. After Europe went to war in 1914, he was an ardent apostle of "preparedness," and when the U. S. declared war against Germany, he volunteered for service.

"After all the noise I've made about fighting," he said, "I feel I'd better do a little myself."

He did, too. Then a man of fifty, Taft's ex-Secretary of War went to France, rose to the rank of colonel of the 31st Field Artillery, and won the French *Ordre de l'Étoile*.

He still adheres to an Army physical conditioning routine. His military aide must always be a cavalryman able to accompany him on rides twice a week. The Secretary's other regular form of exercise is deck tennis, which he usually plays three times a week with his aide and his special assistant, Harvey H. Bundy.

They tell a story about a party

Stimson gave at Woodley, his lovely, seventeen-acre colonial estate near Washington. Army officers representing all branches of the service were gathered on the lawn, but Stimson headed straight for the artillerymen to join lustily in that old marching song, "The Caissons Go Rolling Along" and their ditties.

V

Stimson's contribution to the creation of America's present army of 7,700,000 is not easy to assess. As civilian Secretary, Stimson is cast in the rôle of spokesman for a "peoples' army" — it is his task to justify and satisfy the demands of the Army. At the same time, he must protect the Army from the impact of politics in the narrow sense, but guide its political and civil relationships in general. He is not responsible for the detailed jobs of recruiting, organizing, training and maneuvering armies; but he must know and understand every problem involved in order to insure that the Army operates smoothly and efficiently.

Stimson began his duties as Secretary in 1940 with a typical problem — that of obtaining congressional sanction for raising an army. Five months later this nation's first peace-time conscription law was on the statute books. A year later he had to fight for its extension. Meanwhile, drafted men had begun training with wooden dummies for guns; it became Stimson's job to see they got suitable weapons.

One after another, matters of major policy arose — the placing of camps in accordance with military need rather than in deference to the pressures of pork-barreling politicians; organization of a Women's Army Corps; the development of educational programs for the troops; the use of Negro troops; relations with the State Department, the Red Cross, and relief agencies; the creation of new weapons and technical devices; the care of Japanese internees; relations with the French in North Africa, and the Italians in Sicily and Rome; the use of special currencies by our advancing armies. The number and variety of these problems has been endless.

During the preceding Woodring-Johnson régime, the War Department had been a hot-bed of factionalism and strife. Stimson put the house in order. Undersecretary Robert P. Patterson was placed in charge of procurement; Assistant Secretary Robert A. Lovett drew the air power assignment; Assistant Secretary John J. McCloy headed personnel, public relations and a miscellany of other problems coming under the secretary's jurisdiction. He made it clear he believes in adhering to "channels" — the authorized agencies within the Department and the Army set up to deal with specific tasks. He has never interfered with the commissioning of officers or with their promotions; he never proposes soft assignments or special berths for favorites or friends.

However, through Harvey Bundy,

the assistant whom Stimson calls his "eyes and ears," he keeps in touch with anything that might seem to deserve his personal attention. He has used his previous military experience and knowledge of weapons to inquire into their effectiveness and vitalize interest in improvements. No one in War Department history has pushed scientific developments with a more liberal viewpoint. He has lunched regularly with Dr. Vannevar Bush, director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, and has acted as his advocate with the Army. On inspection trips in the field, he has inquired searchingly into the performance of various weapons and directly stimulated the interest of officers in devising improvements. He may not personally have brought into being any new weapon but he has overcome inertia which might have stood in the way of discoveries.

In 1941, when American tanks, improved in accordance with lessons of the *blitzkrieg*, were given their first test in the Tennessee maneuvers, Stimson flew to the scene. Newsmen who rose at 6:30 the next morning to accompany him during the day's inspection tour, found the secretary had risen an hour and a half earlier. Then began a chase across country covering the entire maneuver area. At 4:30 that afternoon, the perspiring correspondents at last caught the Secretary just as he was about to board a plane for Washington.

In 1943, Stimson took off in an army bomber and flew 14,000 miles

to see the troops in training and in action in Iceland, the British Isles and North Africa. Coming back from Tunis, he terrified the crew by wedging his substantial figure into the bomb bay to be sure of seeing Hill 609, where American forces distinguished themselves in the final destruction of Rommel's Africa Corps. This year he again flew to the European war fronts to get information first hand.

In matters of strategy, Stimson takes a subordinate rôle. In a concealed wall in his office, he keeps the battle maps of the world. The position of every American unit is marked there daily, and Stimson knows the general outline of future operations. But the global strategy and the details of its application are plotted by the combined chiefs of staff; and where major decisions of statecraft are involved, they are, of course, made by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill. Stimson understands the temperament of those at the top, knows his own rôle, and therefore confines himself to placing his views, his experience and his judgment at the disposal of the President and General Marshall.

VI

Stimson's own temperament and personality are austere, but it would be a mistake to infer that he doesn't enjoy life. As a youth in college, his favorite recreation was mountain-climbing and big-game hunting — and the rougher

the country the better. He has never lost that zest. Last year on the way to England, his plane was delayed in Newfoundland by bad weather. Impatient at the enforced idleness, he proposed a fishing trip on the chance that the salmon might be running. Waving aside all objections, he donned hip boots and waded through icy water, along slippery stream bottoms, wholly intent upon his search of sport.

Associates say the index to his personality is his faculty of complete concentration. His mind is built in compartments, and he finds it difficult to switch suddenly from one to another. Stimson has been known to order intimates brusquely out of his office with the query: "Can't you see I'm busy?" Five minutes later he may call them back and ask smilingly: "What was it you wanted?"

He hates snap judgments and avoids them. One of the difficulties of his assistants is to schedule important matters in such a way that they never overlap. Whenever possible they are taken up with him in the morning. He has always been an early riser, and at seventy-six he is likely to tire as the day wears on. He dislikes night life, usually retires early, and gives only small and infrequent dinner parties.

Many stories about Stimson relate to his "terrifying righteousness" — which is traced to an uncle, the Rev. Henry Albert Stimson, who influenced him as a young man. He has been called a "walking conscience" and compared to the prophet Jeremiah.

This quality in Stimson perhaps

serves to explain the only failure in his career — when he ran for elective office. In 1910, at the behest of Teddy Roosevelt, Stimson entered the race for the governorship of New York. It was a year a Republican needed to use every device to get votes, but Stimson was never meant for the baby-kissing, back-slapping, rough-and-tumble of politics. While he went down to defeat, another young aristocrat, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, made his first bid for office and won a seat in the state senate.

Secretary Stimson's distaste for politics makes understandable the period of frustration he experienced between 1929 and 1933 as Hoover's Secretary of State. He had withdrawn from public life in 1913 to resume the practice of law, and had been called back in 1927 by President Coolidge to settle a bloody civil war in Nicaragua. That mission was carried out with such swiftness and precision that Nicaragua became a "good neighbor." From there he had gone in 1928 to succeed General Leonard Wood as Governor General of the Philippines and to study at first-hand the explosive forces at work in the Orient.

When Japan invaded Manchuria in 1931, Stimson immediately saw it as a threat to world peace and therefore to the United States. With his natural forthrightness, he appealed to Great Britain and France to join this country in a bold diplomatic front against Japan. This effort failed, but out of it came a reiteration of one of the significant doctrines in American foreign

policy — non-recognition of territorial changes wrought by aggression.

Stimson left office in 1933, but not to retire. He could afford to give up the practice of law to assume a higher task of citizenship. He saw on the horizon a crisis more menacing than unemployment and breadlines, and he threw himself into the global-minded task of preventing war. Minor politicians, preoccupied with economic depression, had no ear for his Jeremiads. In speeches, in newspaper letters, he appealed for American cooperation with the League of Nations to enforce sanctions against Italy when Mussolini in 1935 embarked on the conquest of Ethiopia.

"We should have learned," Stimson said, "that the chief problem of the world today is war prevention, not isolation. Isolation in the modern world is a fantastic impossibility."

He opposed the policy of selling Japan arms. "We shall have no peace or security without justice," he declared, "and we cannot secure justice by supporting its violation."

In 1940, with France prostrate and Britain staggering, he cried: "The battle being waged by the Allies is our battle. There is no time to lose."

No wonder he could compare himself later with Winston Churchill as a prophet. He was a direct actionist, and he had been living in a world of timorous men who feared to act. He was as much confused by their political reckonings as they were by his austere logic. Now they know who was on the side of reality.

THEATRE MUSIC

BY RICHARD RODGERS

THE daughter of a gent, who shall be nameless but who is the author of this article, at the age of four was normally familiar with Prokofieff's *Peter and the Wolf* recordings. One day the child's father sat at his desk working and listening vaguely to Station WQXR. The recording of a Prokofieff symphony was being broadcast at the moment the child passed the open door. The father asked the child how she liked the music. She said, "Fine." He then asked her if it reminded her of anything. She listened for a second or two and said with a good deal of confidence, "Yes, *Peter and the Wolf*."

If all the above sounds like baby talk, I should like to submit that it has important meaning in so far as public taste is concerned. Certainly if a four-year-old child can be discerning enough to recognize the similarity of style in two compositions by a Russian composer, there is no reason on earth why the adult listener cannot be offered better musical fare than that to which he has been accustomed.

The old cry of the commercial music publisher is that the public will

not accept anything which does not come readily to it. I know one tremendously successful publisher of popular songs who once said to me that the only safe way to begin the melody of a refrain was on the first note of the bar, in four-quarter time, in the tonic chord and with the first note of the scale. This sort of incredible thinking is indulged in not only by publishers but by writers, producers, and sometimes even critics.

That there is no validity in this attitude can be proved by a ridiculously large number of exceptions, and my own feeling is that there is only one question that can be asked of any piece of music — "Is it good to listen to?" I strongly suspect that the limitations of any art form are set by its creators and not by the public, and I can think of no field in which this viewpoint can be better substantiated than the musical theatre, with the probable exception of the screen. Too often have I heard the producer say in all his expensive smugness, "If I don't understand it, neither will the public." What he doesn't understand is that the public is a lot smarter than he

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is, or I am, for that matter. Its taste is enormously catholic and in its choice of entertainment it is precise and knowing. To the public *Parsifal* is good and *Mexican Hayride* is good. The range is large indeed and the entertainment need only be good of its kind to attract hordes of people. The qualitative disparity between *Tobacco Road* and *Othello* is enormous, yet both have done very well and most of us have been capable of enjoying one as much as the other.

Modesty does not prevent my pointing to *Oklahoma!* to prove my case as I do not intend to discuss the intrinsic quality, or lack of it, of the music. Certainly the universality of the play's appeal cannot be doubted, but what makes it noteworthy to my mind is the fact that its appeal comes from its "art" qualities and its unwillingness to compromise with commerce. The result is a thoroughly integrated evening in the theatre. The scenery looks the way the music sounds and the clothes look as though they belonged to the characters rather than the management. The public does not know "why" this is, nor is it likely to find appropriate words for it. The audience simply knows the show makes it "feel good" and it tells its friends to buy tickets.

II

I had a rather bitter argument with a producer several years ago. I felt that I needed a certain number of men in the orchestra to play my score.

With an eye fixed firmly on his budget, he offered me what was an obvious rationalization. He said, "Aw, the audience won't know whether you have twenty-four or twenty-six men in the pit." That was true, but it was also untrue. Mathematically, he made good sense, but he was dead wrong in discounting the aural perception of the audience. Naturally, the customer will not say, "Ah hah! Only twenty-four men." He is likely to say, however, "My, my! Not a very interesting score, is it?"

When we began to prepare *Oklahoma!* for production I thought long and hard about the orchestra problem. In my past few shows I had yielded to the demands of fast, furious "hoofing" on the stage and had filled the pit with saxophones and brass. Against this metallic battery were opposed four frustrated fiddles. Now, with *Oklahoma!*, I felt the time had come to be radical, so I did an outrageous thing. I went back to the orchestra of grandfather's day. That meant cutting out the saxophones, reducing the brass to a minimum, enlarging the string section to sixteen, and replacing the piano with a harp. Point to be made: the man in E 112 at *Oklahoma!* has no technical knowledge whatsoever about orchestras, but he has said to me repeatedly, "What is that lovely sound the orchestra makes?" That question becomes my answer and I must have been artistically (forgive the word) successful in giving the play its appropriate orchestral accompaniment.

If my confidence in the responsive-

ness and perception of the entertainment public is justified, it ought to lead us somewhere, and I think it does. Certainly there is a great need for a form of musical theatre more serious in its intent and more lasting in its nature than that to which we have been accustomed. You will ask me to name it, and I will not say "opera," though I do not find the word frightening despite the fact that it connotes the Metropolitan to me, with its long-haired posturings and continental strutting. It could be a creation of our own. It could be an extension of our musical comedy (perhaps our greatest contribution to the theatre) into a field where music has emotion as well as rhythm, where lyrics become poetry, where design has artistry, and where dancing has meaning and is not a succession of hammer blows on a wooden stage. The choice of subject matter would become infinitely wider. One could sing of tragedy or a love that had an emotional depth not to be expressed adequately by "Let's Steal a Kiss in the Moonlight."

The temptation to be "arty" would be there, of course, but not to the extent in which we find it among the so-called seriously contrived works. The European opera form is not comfortable for us, with the result that each attempt thus far has been a sorry imitation and an ultimate failure. We must, I feel, take the form which we have created and with which we are therefore at home and build up from it, rather than down from something which is unelastic and moribund.

Our public loves its musical comedy. It will love it more as it expresses more, as it tells a better story, sings a better refrain, and presents a better picture to the eye.

The Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd — Billy Rose production of *Carmen Jones* does all these things. The old-fashioned, somewhat boring recitatif has been replaced by good dialogue which makes the audience laugh and holds its attention. Actually, the piece would have achieved the goal which I would like to see set, if it were not for one rather important item. The music is not native. It is beautiful to an intense degree, but the inflection is Latin-Gallic. To offset this, Mr. Hammerstein has written lyrics that are creative, witty, and warm, and completely indigenous to the American scene. Had the music been invested with the same American personality, I feel that something close to perfection would have been reached. Again, if you will agree with this critical estimate of the "art" qualities of *Carmen Jones* it might be advisable to examine the box office statement. I have before me the current issue of *Variety*, the theatrical trade magazine. It credits *Carmen Jones*, for its thirty-second week, with a gross of slightly under \$25,000. All that money for "art"? No, all that money for a fine, lush evening in the theatre, an evening made enjoyable by the beauty of a production and the intelligence of its creators.

In its search for escape through entertainment, one would naturally

expect a country at war to turn to the "leg" shows, with their jokes and light-minded stories. That this sort of spectacle has prospered cannot be denied, but there is another side to the picture. Two important ballet companies have been doing enormously well both on tour and in New York. The Strauss *Rosalinda* is turning them away all over the country, and *The Merry Widow* is still playing right merrily around the country. Add to these pieces *Carmen Jones* and two

companies of *Oklahoma!* and it becomes apparent that the American public is paying literally millions to see and hear quite serious projects in its theatres.

I conclude from all this that the public is not only willing but anxious to go along with us in the theatre in our search for better things, and that if we continue that search with honesty and feeling the day may not be far off when an American art form of its own will have been evolved.



PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN

BY ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

SHE does not mind dimmed sound and sight:
 Her world of ebbing warmth and light
 Knowing how much is better blurred
 And best unsaid and best unheard.

She does not mind the blanks that stay
 Erasing last week, yesterday
 Knowing how she recalls the glow
 Of more than fifty years ago.

She does not grieve the lessened view,
 The narrowed scope of things to do
 Knowing her task as scarce begun:
 So much remembering to be done —

Her memories of crowded hours
 Are like rare fragile glass-blown flowers
 And she the last for knowing, seeing
 The way to blow them into being —

THE CASE AGAINST BIG GOVERNMENT

By CHARLES EDISON

WE Americans are not afraid of bigness. We have settled a vast continent and opened up its immense resources. We have lately built the biggest Navy and raised the largest Army in our history. The mere size of a job has never been discouraging to Americans.

Because many of our big undertakings have been satisfactory we are often inclined to think that what is biggest is best. But there is a point of size beyond which expansion can take place only with diminishing returns, with reduced efficiency, or with new dangers produced by sheer size.

Through a good part of my life I have been associated with business corporations. I have been present at their births; I have seen them grow bigger and bigger. I have observed them reach the size where surgery was necessary to preserve their lives, and I have seen this succeed. I have also seen necessary surgery come too late, so that the history of some corporations has been summarized with the epitaph, "Big, Bigger and Bust".

A corporation, by a fiction of the law, has a legal personality. This

fictitious personality can sue, be sued, and do various other things. But anybody who works in and for a corporation over a number of years cannot help feeling that it has a real personality, too. Among its other characteristics is ambition — the desire to expand, to take in more territory, to open more branch offices, to produce a greater variety of products. Within the limits of efficiency and safety — both commercial and social — this ambition usually is laudable.

It is common knowledge, however, that some industrial organizations have become so huge that administrative costs eat up the profits. Expansion has reached the point where the inevitable overhead charges and social problems offset the gains and savings through mass purchasing and mass distribution.

Nature has provided an automatic check on bigness. Be it trees, people, ducks or microbes — they reach pretty much a given size and stop. But business organisms and government have no pituitary glands. In the case of business, the anti-trust acts are an ineffective attempt to provide a substitute for nature's controlling mech-

CHARLES EDISON, son of the inventor, is a former Governor of New Jersey (1941-1944) and a former Secretary of the Navy (1940). He is president and director of Thomas A. Edison, Inc.

anism; and war is the only ultimate means devised so far to check governmental ambitions for world conquests. But Bigness does have in it the germ of its own destruction. Like the dinosaur and mammoths of prehistoric times, Big Business and Big Government will eventually get so far out of tune with their environment that new forms will replace them, more able to cope with the problems of ordinary life.

II

Along with our tendency to value bigness for its own sake we also have a tendency to value integration — the central-office idea. In corporation practice this means the concentration of all decision-making in the home office, usually far from the field office in which a particular problem arises.

I have observed several instances of this at first hand. As a company grows it establishes branch plants or district offices, and in their early years these branches are necessarily left with a considerable degree of autonomy. Then some worshipper of efficiency decides that there should be only one purchasing agent for the whole company, one treasurer or disbursing agent, one accounting office, and so on. He can adduce some apparently good arguments. He can contend it is absurd to buy twenty brands of the same type of pencil; it is wasteful not to buy pencils in large quantities so as to get a discount; and it is hazardous to have men in twenty different

towns making out checks on the company.

If he has his way, everything will be pulled into the home office. Soon red tape will reach endless proportions. Requisition forms, for example, will have to be adopted, to be made out in quadruplicate to obtain a dozen pencils. More clerks must be hired to carry on correspondence with, and to check up on other clerks. Delays and stupidities multiply.

Meanwhile, as discretion is removed from branches, local ingenuity dies and initiative atrophies. When a district manager finds that his judgment of local needs and conditions is disregarded in the home office he naturally ceases to offer suggestions. After a few rebuffs he gets the what-is-the-use attitude toward his company's problem in his locality. He simply relaxes and lets the appropriate vice president decide everything.

While the vice president is making up his mind, efficiency cannot help but decline. The more details that central officials have to pass upon, the worse things get. While correspondence is going back and forth in the mails, production waits. Paper work absorbs more and more of the time of every employé, and as this and other overhead goes up, profits go down.

A corporation that persists in this concentration of authority, unless other factors save it, will "go bust," strangled in its own red tape. The directors may bring in the highest powered executives at the highest

powered salaries; the executives may change district managers once a month; but if the basic administrative system is wrong, nothing short of its correction will save the company.

In a concentrated type of corporate organization the president or general manager — whoever it is who makes the final decisions — has more work than he can do. He is so swamped with detail work that he cannot get away from his desk; he cannot stand off and look at his company objectively. The very pressure of time compels him to pound the desk and make snap decisions — often wrong ones!

Some companies have minimized both the evils that grow from excessive size and the difficulties that arise in the concentration of authority by creating what amount to separate companies within the over-all company. Each company is a separate organization fighting for business even against its brother and sister organizations. Each has a maximum of independence. This type of organization is, of course, not always practicable.

In 1915 I analyzed our own company, which was then “centralized,” to find out why it was in such poor health. I wanted to determine the best form of organization for a company that had in it such diverse and unrelated products as Portland cement, phonographs, motion pictures, batteries, and other dissimilar products.

We, at our company, drew up plans, talked, argued and threshed

about and finally discarded centralization. Out of all this was born what we called the divisional policy. We merely applied to business the idea behind a republic of sovereign states of limited territory, governed by competent governors and tied together for a common purpose through a Federal over-all government.

We decided that the Federal or over-all government for our industry would take care only of the general problems but that the individual divisions of the company would run independently and have complete control of the problems arising within each division. To us this pattern of business organization was a way of adhering to the principle that the “best governed nation is the least governed.” It also meant a definite adherence within the company to the principle of “states’ rights.”

The plan determined upon was to dismember Thomas A. Edison, Incorporated, set up separate and complete “states” or businesses with a man at the head of each, competent to operate all phases of this particular business, and to give this man as wide latitude as possible. Those of us who direct the affairs of the over-all company tie in the efforts of all the managers to the end that each divisional organization would in fact be going along the road of general common purpose. This *balancing* of centralization and decentralization has worked well, whereas the previous completely centralized arrangement had produced chaos in the company.

III

Let me turn now from the consideration of business to that of government. I have long contended that in the administration of our democracy we have lost proper *balance*, and that this balance should and must be regained if we are to survive as a democracy. I have found that there are marked differences between business administration and public administration, but there are also ways in which the two are very much alike. Among the likenesses are the problems that arise from great size. The problems produced by the size of Federal government show the difficulties at their worst.

Anyone who is familiar with Washington knows that it is a vast buzzing, roaring confusion. We are not so much astonished that blunders are made as we are that such a huge bumbling machine doesn't make more blunders.

Every time the figures on the number of civilian Federal employ  s are released the total is higher than it was the time before. A few months ago it was over 3,000,000. This is more than all those employed by all the state and municipal governments. The increase in the number of employ  s is not a war-time phenomenon. It has gone on for years. Each war has brought a marked employ   increase, and each peace has brought no permanent reduction.

Nor is either of the two political parties alone responsible for this increasing growth of the Federal estab-

lishment. The Republicans, now being the "outs," deplore the continued expansion and centralization of the national government, and they cry "states' rights!" But their devotion to states' rights dates only from March 4, 1933. Before that time, tracing their political ancestry to Alexander Hamilton, they formed the party that stood for a more powerful national government. Their conversion is too recent to make their protestations sound genuine. As to the Democrats, large blocs of them seem to have abandoned their traditional position of states' rights altogether.

Not only has the national government increased the number of its employ  s, it has also increased the number of its agencies — its "administrations," "offices," and "government corporations." The count on these varies from week to week, even from day to day, as new executive orders establish or abolish them. There are currently about 200 Federal subdivisions.

The stories of their overlappings, their conflicts, their jealousies, and inefficiencies are infinite in number. Each person of my acquaintance who has had to deal with them has his own collection of incidents. Sometimes their clashes reach the newspapers, as the Wallace-Jones controversy did; but less spectacular conflicts are too common to have news value.

In the Federal situation we have both excessive size and resultant jumbled administration. We have more employ  s than any organization other

than the military could supervise efficiently, and we have them working often at cross purposes. This mass of independent agencies is theoretically and legally responsible to the President, but no living man can supervise 200 establishments, just as no man could really manage 200 corporations. The result is that the agencies are virtually independent, irresponsible—and at times, uncontrollable.

IV

Many of us fear that the Federal administration is becoming so huge, so complex, so confused, that it is ripe either for breakdown or for a dictator—or perhaps for first one and then the other. Its excessive size and its inefficient administration would long since have produced bankruptcy in any private corporation.

It seems to be universally recognized that democracy can operate on a national scale only when the voters can hold a chief executive responsible for administration. If he cannot be held responsible, either because of the size of his job or because of its complexity, the public will lose confidence in its government and will be ready to listen to the first plausible demagogue who promises to overthrow the bureaucracy.

If democratic government is to survive in America it seems to me that two things must be done. First, greater reliance must be placed upon the states. Every function that can be performed by the states should be

left to them or returned to them. If we insist upon the continued concentration of power in Washington, we shall have state governments atrophied from want of the exercise of authority while we have a central government paralyzed from an excess of it. We must not try to decide everything in the home office; we must allow as much local discretion as we possibly can.

But this is not enough. The states must do their part. The states must show themselves fit to govern. They cannot fumble with antiquated constitutions and at the same time prevent power which they do not exercise from flowing to Washington. The states must meet social needs as they arise, be willing to spend their own money to do it, and be ready to borrow on their own credit. While they have cried about "states' rights," their agents have fallen all over each other trying to get Federal money to do things the states might better have done for themselves. State after state has jumped aboard the Washington "grave train," each one more anxious than the next to get the most. A cartoon in a recent issue of the Newark, N. J., *Evening News* depicted this state of mind very well. It showed a politician haranguing from the steps of a train: "I accuse the administration of wasteful, ruinous spending—and if reelected I shall see that this noble community gets its proper share of it, too."

In addition to the better functioning of the states themselves there

must be devised better means of implementing state and Federal collaboration. In my opinion the proper *balance* between the states and the Federal government could be more effectively maintained if there were created by law a consultative body of the governors of all the states with whom the President of the United States would be required to meet at frequent stated intervals. This body would be charged with certain responsibilities and should be endowed with appropriate powers. Chief among the responsibilities would be one to maintain a proper balance of state and Federal functions. They could interchange ideas, problems and proposed solutions. They might well produce, as a result of their deliberation, a truly effective democracy of generally self-supporting states and a central government willing and able to step in to do the work the states would agree they, themselves, could not do.

V

In the second place, the setup of the national executive administration needs to be reexamined. We know that the Cabinet was intended to serve as a sort of civilian general staff responsible to the President, with the heads of the departments each actually supervising and directing the administration of one of the great functions of government — foreign affairs, justice, military matters, and so forth. Unfortunately, we no longer hold to

this intended plan. The authority of Cabinet members has been whittled away over the years. The numerous independent governmental agencies have been granted, or have coerced, powers which rightly belong to Cabinet departments.

It is my firm belief that Cabinet members should become in fact as well as in name executive heads of all functions pertaining to their jurisdictions. Except for such quasi-judicial agencies as, for example, the Interstate Commerce Commission, there should be no independent establishments directly responsible to the President. The President should exercise his authority through the Cabinet heads. All others should be merged along the lines of their functions and be brought under the Executive Cabinet.

I do not intend to leave the inference that I want all the activities of each department to be drawn into one Cabinet line and have all action affecting such department take place in Washington. The work of each Cabinet division should head up in Washington. But the work should largely be done in the field throughout the United States and far more substantial authority should be granted to the field offices.

These would be important steps towards making national democracy work. A chief executive can keep in close touch with fifteen or twenty heads of departments, but it is utterly and physically impossible for him to keep up with ten times that many

independent agencies. It would be impossible even if he had nothing else to do; but actually he is also the ceremonial head of the government, the leader of his party, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy and the man to whom the Congress and the people look for a program of legislation.

The principles of good administration are international. Nobody has a patent on them. The same problems of huge size and pressure upon the central authority have forced other countries to seek remedies. The British, by a combination of accident, compulsion, and design, established the system of dominions, granting to each of them considerable powers. It was found that the British Empire was too big and too diverse to be governed directly from London. I

have no more information about Russian policy than the average newspaper reader, but I wonder if the recent creation of the sixteen autonomous republics was not at least partly due to the difficulties inherent in trying to govern so many millions of people directly from Moscow.

We Americans need more common sense about administration and less rhetoric about bureaucracy and states' rights. We have a problem in the great size and haphazard structure of the executive division of the Federal government. The solution of the problem is not beyond our powers; indeed, it is not beyond our business experience. We have precedents both foreign and domestic to guide us. But, as we love our country and value our democracy, the problem must be solved and solved quickly.



Lawsuits —

He who goes to law wins a cat and loses a cow.

— CHINESE PROVERB

Go to court with one lawsuit and come out with two.

— DANISH PROVERB

Better die happy than go to court.

— SPANISH PROVERB

I was ruined twice in my life: once when I lost a lawsuit and once when I won one.

— VOLTAIRE

A lawsuit is a fruit-tree planted in a lawyer's garden.

— ITALIAN PROVERB

To go to law is for two persons to kindle a fire, at their own cost, to warm others and singe themselves to cinders.

— OWEN FELLTHAM

RED JACOBSEN

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

RED Jacobsen works for me. A normal employer would see no problem in this. He would regard Jacobsen as nothing but a machine, and indeed Jacobsen is a machine. That is the only name, I suppose, that you can apply to a scythe mower that has a two stroke engine. But if the literary life has any advantage at all, it leaves a man accessible to his emotions. I have emotions about this beast of a machine. I'd like to share them.

Everybody tells me that Jacobsen was a good buy. It cost \$225, but I got it for \$200. The man who sold it to me tried to buy it back. I refused to part with it, not because I valued it at \$200 but because Jacobsen had defeated me.

Men who understand machines always speak well of this one. They envy me the possession of it. They even think I was quite a sport to buy it. They admit it's tricky, but this seems to enhance me in their eyes. I bought a tricky machine, therefore I must be a considerable person, like a small woman with a Great Dane or a boy with a revolver.

If the name machine implies a thing that works methodically and calculably, this red devil that I brought so unsuspectingly into my home, with

which to conduct the battle of the wilderness around the house (for, I may as well confess, I also bought fourteen waste acres of Fairfield County) — this devil, I say, has nothing in common with any other machine in my possession.

Down in the basement there is a pump. That, in the accepted meaning of the word, is a machine. It seems to oil itself, to start itself, to stop itself. It runs with a subjection and a craven obedience which makes me take it completely for granted and never give it a thought. I do not respect the pump. It simply does what is expected of it. It fills the tank with water and fills me with complacency. I have the same feeling about the water-heater. From one end of a season to the other, this pump and this water heater behave impeccably. Someday, I gather, one or the other will konk out. Then I'll be hurt, angry and contemptuous. But until that day they are to me what a woman is romantically supposed to be to a Turk. I look to them for perfect, obsequious and, in a humble way, voluptuous service.

But Red Jacobsen — no Turkish delight, I assure you. Red may want to be treated right, to be cared for, to be babied. I have to wheedle, to

get down on my knees, to pamper and swipe and play the hypocrite. It's no good my getting sore. That ruins everything. Can I be employer to this employee, expect perfection, be exacting and suspicious? Gone are those happy days. Red is rebellious, fickle and temperamental. With a definite job allotted to him, he refuses to give what is in him. Red cheats. And then, just as I decide he is worthless and therefore to be put on the market for \$300, with a sudden burst of energy worthy of Orson Welles, the brute does so much work, so fiercely and brilliantly, that — well, I am flooded with self-satisfaction. I did it. I made him work. It took me. I triumph. I am master.

II

To start him is like starting myself in the cold of the morning, or the cold of the morning after. On all but the most felicitous days Red Jacobsen starts only to stop. It is a frustration about which books could be written. I yank the pull-starter, something or other turns over, my heart lifts, and then Red baulks, subsides and ceases. Again I give the starter a firm pull, and draw out the choke. Again there is a convulsive response, and a fiasco. This can go on for quarter of an hour. It brings back the days that are no more. The days of the early flivver.

But there are mornings when the monster is gentle and cooperative. One good yank, and away he goes. He has to cut through briars, sumac,

stones, tree stumps, weeds and dead grasses. For that reason the whole sickle bar has to swivel. Off we swivel. It is poetry to hear the rhythm of the engine. It is epic when the scythe begins to gnash so terribly that the whole machine shakes and dances. The throbbing demon starts forward, throwing off fumes, devouring everything in his path, working into a fever. It snorts, grunts, spits and grinds. A wonderful team, myself and Jacobsen. We cut a swathe, I tell you. But as Red warms up, the relation ceases to be that of master and man. Jacobsen becomes imperious. His one object is to get rid of me. He feels, the poor fool, that I am merely management, and that without me he could do the work of ten. Red becomes Red, and I become Bourbon.

At the same time it is rather an inglorious position for a Bourbon. I have to hang on when Red goes Red. A large bramble, bitten from the ground, lashes itself across my calves. As I clutch the handles, dragged forward by the monster, the bramble tries to work its way between my legs and trip me. The dignity of the individual can hardly take it. Over hill, over dale, through the rocks and the swale, but with no further veto on the business, I follow Jacobsen. It is to my interest to do so. Proletarian though he is, in these moments of elation immense performances are nothing to him. He is no miserable suburban lawn mower, but a sort of tractor and bulldozer by instinct, quivering under my hand.

It is true that he is not a biological specimen. He cannot reproduce his kind. Put fifty Red Jacobsens in a barn, and after a year there will still be only fifty. There will not be ten small Red Jacobsens. Apart from this limitation, he seems to live. Were I to gnash forward under my own steam, I could not do half what Jacobsen does. Nothing is impossible for him. He gnaws on rocks as he passes. He crops down young crab trees. He goes right through thickets. The sickle bar, plus the two stroke engine, gives him dominance, mastery, superiority.

Had Nietzsche owned and operated a power scythe, he'd have worked off

a great deal of his Aryanism and his private poison.

Machines are self-destroying, cranky and unsympathetic. In this they do not much differ from human beings. But if you get on the right side of a machine, if you suit your ways to it, think of the rapport. I can understand the boys who love their B-29s. They do it all together.

Mingled with my gratitude to Red Jacobsen is my own sense of prowess. He has become an extension of my ego. I am that much more powerful, more masterful, more executive. See what we did, this Caliban and myself! Difficult to manage? Why, sir, I'd hardly say so. A little tricky.



Hell—

If there is no hell, a good many preachers are obtaining money under false pretenses.

— "BILLY" SUNDAY

One can get used to hell, as to everything else.

— RUSSIAN PROVERB

Hell is crowded with the ungrateful.

— SPANISH PROVERB

In hell there are fans.

— ARAB PROVERB

WHY I DON'T JOIN THE WACS

By RUTH E. PETERS

No group has let its nation down harder, lower and faster in World War II than the women of America in their apathy toward service in the armed forces."

So writes a columnist who pontificates in our hometown daily, echoing a condemnation that is spreading rapidly as the WAC recruiting drive lags. As an average woman qualified for WAC enlistment and one of the majority whom it has been suggested "is unmoved by any great sense of personal responsibility for helping fight this war," I raise my small voice to counter for myself and for all women who refuse to "join up."

It wasn't so long ago that newspapers now condemning women for their failure to respond to the Army's appeal for 600,000 Wacs (only about 70,000 have enlisted), were making caustic remarks about the idea of women in uniform. However, they only reflected reaction to the Congressional legislation creating the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps (later renamed the Women's Army Corps) which was violent in some segments of the population. I was a USO Club

hostess at that time, and I know the feeling of men in the camps was 99 per cent against women going into the Army. Their sweethearts, sisters or wives leading a GI's life? Nothing doing! I remember also the reaction of some of the churchmen. A Roman Catholic cousin of mine begged her parents to let her join the WAC. Her father stormed and her mother consulted the parish priest. Gently but firmly the reverend father warned my aunt against dangers involved in submitting innocent and impressionable Alice to the environment and temptations of the Army. My own pastor, whom I consider a liberal, shook his head gravely and failed to see where "any good could come of it." When my aunt returned from a conference of civilian defence workers in a neighboring city where she had seen several Wacs boldly entering a bar, she was sure the decision she had made for Alice was right.

The antipathy of churchmen to the idea of women in Army uniforms was no greater than that of many Army officers. Infatuated at first with the idea of joining up, I consulted several

RUTH E. PETERS was graduated with honors from University of Redlands. After having been a hostess in an Army camp, she became a member of the historical staff of the 3519th Army Air Forces Base Unit, Madison, Wisconsin. She is married to a soldier.

officers I knew. "Don't be a fool!" was the invariable answer. One Fall afternoon I sat in the bleachers at a football game and heard fifty WAC recruits sworn in at a ceremony staged between the halves. Two officers sat behind me and when the performance was over, one of the pair said to the other, "I wonder what's the matter with them?" The second responded sarcastically, "Young kids and old maids out looking for adventure and romance."

Everywhere at that time I found male opposition to women in uniform. This attitude has not changed basically since. No matter how much the government spends on recruiting Wacs or how inspiring the ads may be, the simple fact remains that as long as the average man doesn't want his woman in uniform, recruiting is going to be tough. That the Army is aware of this is shown by the efforts being made through camp newspapers to induce GI Joe to write home and tell his sister, sweetheart or wife to join up. But GI Joe has eyes and ears. He doesn't cooperate much in this.

II

Obviously, America doesn't want me or any other woman to be a soldier. Congress in the act which created the Women's Army Corps expressly prohibited its members from bearing arms or engaging in combat activities. Yet if the WAC should recruit me, it would devote all its efforts for the duration and six months to moulding

me into and deploying me as a military jumping-jack. My life would be an endless round of "Yes, sir"; "No, sir"; "TENSHUN!"; "Eyes right"; "At ease." It would begin shaping me in its mould by sending me to a camp where for six weeks I would receive, less the manual of arms, the same basic training as GI Joe. I would be made to fall in and fall out of the sacred ritual of infantry drill. Now the Army's Basic Field Manual on Infantry Drill (FM 22-5; Aug. 4, 1941) says the purposes of drill are to:

- a. Enable a commander to move his command from one place to another in an orderly manner and to provide single formations from which dispositions for combat may readily be assumed.
- b. Aid in disciplinary training by instilling habits of precision and response to the leader's orders.
- c. Provide a means, through ceremonies, of enhancing the morale of troops, developing the spirit of cohesion, and giving interesting spectacles to the public.
- d. Give junior officers and noncommissioned officers practice in commanding troops.

When these purposes of drill are analyzed in the light of the fact that women are barred from combat, the drill training of Wacs becomes ridiculously superfluous. Apparently close order drill is the only thing the Army knows for discipline, and it has never occurred to the brass hats that soldiering can be anything else. Well, perhaps it can't. In that case why try to make soldiers out of Wacs? Do the brass hats suffer from an optical illusion that prevents them from seeing

that primarily women are needed in the Army for jobs, and not for marching and wearing GI uniforms?

I don't think the nation at this time can afford to stroke the feathers of military vanity or to give "interesting spectacles to the public," to the extent of diverting precious hours of womenpower into the extravagant luxury of Wacing and sacrificing production on the altar of right, left and about face.

In forcing the WAC to conform to the familiar pattern of drill and "general issue", the Army discourages me in another important way. When I called at the local recruiting office, a large genial major answered my questions in the absence of the WAC recruiting officer. I sketched my background as an experienced welfare and recreational worker, and asked if he would guarantee that I would be assigned to work in the WAC appropriate to my education and experience.

"Well now," said the major, "you know the Army. Of course, we make every effort to place you agreeably, but we can make you no assurances. That's up to the classification and job requirements."

"I understand they are giving Wacs a chance to select their own stations," I commented.

"Well, there again," the major said, "we make every effort, we do the best we can, but it is not absolutely certain that we will be able to send you where you want to go. You know the Army."

Yes, I know the Army!

III

Aside from the waste in training and the gamble in assignment, there is the Army caste system to discourage women from enlisting. The Army calls its hard and fast lines of distinction and privilege between the officer and the enlisted man or woman "essential to military discipline." Perhaps they are necessary to the smooth functioning of a combat unit, but applied to the Wacs, they are about as needless as the sixth toe on a cat. When I consider the curtailment of personal liberty involved, I am surprised that even 70,000 women have enlisted voluntarily in the WAC. Nothing is more out of tune with the times or the job to be done than the ugly tradition of the chasm between rank and grade that the Wacs had thrust upon them and now maintain.

Of all things precious, the right of choosing one's friends comes first. Just as the American doughboy fights for the privilege and right to run for President, I will fight for my right to be seen out with the President's son. The man I choose as my beau is my own business and though it isn't itemized specifically in the Constitution, it is nevertheless one of the inalienable rights. As a civilian I exercise that right as my heart desires. As fancy dictates I can date a rookie, match cocktails with a lieutenant or do up the town with a general. As a Wac my social life would be bounded on the north, east, south and west by GI Joe.

Don't get me wrong. GI Joe is all right, I've met plenty of him that I wouldn't trade for a dozen wearers of oak leaves or stars. My complaint is against the social barriers that the Army puts around the Wac just because she's donned a uniform to serve her country. Tomorrow morning when I go to work I shall greet the captain with a cheery "Hi," and I shall receive a smiling "How are you?" in return. During the day we will talk and laugh as time permits. When the last record is finished and the desks are locked, the captain may invite me to join him at the officers' club and I may accept. But if tomorrow I were in the WAC, all the niceties of friendship and informality between us would be gone. The uniform would not have changed me, nor sullied my character nor dulled my personality, but a form of social ostracism would have been imposed upon me — a social ostracism that is solely a matter of Army tradition. As a Wac I would not be expected to understand or to question it.

IV

Major General James A. Ulio, Adjutant General of the Army, said he preferred to believe that the apathy American women have shown toward enlistment in the Women's Army Corps "is not apathy in the true sense of the word," but rather a lack of understanding of the importance of this branch of the service. General Ulio hit the nail squarely on its head.

Women generally are not convinced that getting into 'uniform is the best way for them to help win the war. Many of them think getting into overalls is a lot more productive. The reasons for my own indifference to Army appeals to me to get into Wac (or Wave, Spar, or Marine Corps) uniform are, I believe, representative of what many women are thinking.

Why should I respond to reveille at 5:30 A.M. when it isn't essential to my job? Why put lights out at ten o'clock and go to bed only because it's orders? Why put myself in a position to be restricted to quarters because some GI Jennie left a coke bottle in the washroom? Why salute every Tom, Dick and Harry on the street because he happens to wear a bar on his shoulder? Why clean latrines and GI the barracks (that's scrub and how!), and stand personal inspection every Friday when I don't have to? Why wear a hat that looks like an ordinary kitchen pot turned upside down, or fight a quartermaster sergeant for a pair of shoes that fit? Will it make me a better telephone operator or a faster typist? Will it bring V-day one minute nearer?

As a civilian I don't cost the government the ghost of a cent for medical or dental care. Uncle Sam now pays me more cash than he pays a Wac, but he doesn't have to maintain a large administrative force to feed, clothe, discipline and sustain me. He doesn't have to build barracks to house me. He won't have to muster me out with a bonus, and he'll never

have to consider pensioning me when I'm old and decrepit. Yet working next door to a Wac, I'm doing as big a job as she is — even bigger because I stay on mine eight hours a day while she spends a good portion of hers in drills or physical exercises, parades, inspections, going to "orientation" movies and sitting through lectures on personal adjustment to Army conditions.

The nation would not gain either from the standpoint of efficiency or that of economy by putting me in uniform; and when it's a question of "getting there fustest, with the mostest," military trappings and flummy-diddles are a flagrant waste of the taxpayer's money and my time.

If it is workers the Army really wants, and it is advertising that there are 239 jobs open to Wacs, why doesn't it try recruiting me for a job instead of for the Army? Let the Army advertise all its jobs — not just a few. Let me volunteer for a specific job and enlist for the duration, not in the Women's Army Corps, but in a Women's Working Corps.

I'd go anywhere the Army wanted me, and so would all the girls I know, if I knew what my job was going to be when I got there, and *if* I didn't have to be hamstrung by Army social restrictions and shackled by Army discipline imposed upon me by other women who, because they love authority, have sought commissions in the WAC. To show the breadth of this love, there were 30,000 applications for the first 770 commissions in the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps.

It would be interesting to know how many of the 29,000-odd who failed to get commissions proceeded to enlist in the ranks!

Colonel Oveta Hobby and her superiors may as well stop chasing rainbows and face the facts. If the ranks of the Wacs wane and wax thin, it doesn't necessarily mean that I and other American women are out of step with the cadence of the times. It can be that the Army is.

Let the Army liberalize its Tory ideas concerning women in uniform, divorce them from drillmasters, and see what happens.



Wives —

There never was a wife that liked her lot.

— JOHN DAVIES.

Other people's wives are always the best.

— CHINESE PROVERB

He knows little who will tell his wife all he knows.

— THOMAS FULLER.

NOTES ON MADAME CHIANG

BY EMILY HAHN

Do you think that's fair, Miss Hahn?" Madame Chiang demanded, her eyes snapping with anger. "Do you think that's justified?"

She was pointing to a passage in my book about her family in which I had compared her to a film star. Mayling Soong, wife of China's Generalissimo and President, is still fearful that the world will underrate her brain power and relegate her to the limbo of "beautiful but dumb." This sort of fear is often encountered in pretty young girls with intellectual pretensions. To find it in an intelligent and worldly lady in her forties was something of a shock.

* * *

Mayling Soong is clever, one of the cleverest women in the world. But she is not quite mature in her attitude toward herself. She has not learned to acknowledge her beauty for what it is, a powerful weapon, but looks upon it, when she is aware of it at all, as a kind of embarrassment.

Such uncertainty in a person of her position is charming, but also puzzling. I used to put it down to her race. Most Chinese women do retain their

youthful attitudes, perhaps because they do not fret and strain after things they do not possess. But Mayling is the exception. She is always studying, improving herself, promoting her ambitions. Why, then, is she so unwilling to be regarded as a beauty, instead of frankly capitalizing her physical charms?

The answer, I believe, is to be found in her early youth and surroundings. You can always tell a woman who used to be a beauty, no matter how old she may be. She carries an air of self-assurance which only a lifetime of triumphant loveliness could give her. Retired actresses have this atmosphere. Queen Marie of Rumania had it to her dying day.

But the reverse is also true. Mayling carries the psychological scars of a childhood and young womanhood in which she was decidedly *not* the family beauty. Anyone who has grown up in a large family will know what that means. In a household of several daughters, one is always known as The Beauty, the rest must find other methods of expressing their ego.

It is hard to believe it now, looking

EMILY HAHN, who returned last year on the Gripsholm, lived in China since 1935. She was the first woman to get a B.Sc. degree in Mining Engineering from the University of Wisconsin. She has also taught geology at Hunter College, studied anthropology at Oxford and travelled extensively in Europe and Africa. She is the author of *The Soong Sisters and China to Me*.

at the lovely Madame Chiang, but as a girl she was driven to the solace of books and domestic chores, and accepted her position of ugly duckling without demur. It was the second sister, Chingling, who was looked upon as the pretty one in the Soong brood. Mayling was then plump and quiet, and much younger than her sisters. She was the baby, and that disposed of chubby little Mayling.

She took such scraps of fame and importance as were left over in the family group. Ai-ling, now Madame H. H. Kung, was the eldest and their father's favorite. Not only was Chingling, the second girl, regarded as the beautiful one, but she acquired a fabulous glamor when she married Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the Father of the Revolution, the great man of China. It was a dazzling position for a girl to step into, and by the time little sister Mayling came back from Wellesley in the United States, Chingling was on the dizzy heights of fame. A delicate little princess, Chingling sat in triumph with her celebrated husband at mass meetings and banquets and shared his applause. During all the excitement few bothered to look at Mayling, already twenty but still the little sister.

* * *

I doubt that she minded very much. She was a solemn young lady, full of ideas when she returned from America. Life was busy and fascinating. She worked intensively on her Chinese, having lost most of her native tongue after leaving China at the

age of eight, which was only natural. Then there were the family duties that fell to her lot. Mayling at twenty was the beloved "auntie" of Ai-Ling's four children, and when the Kungs went to Canton to take part in the new government Auntie naturally came along to be with the children. Moreover, she served willingly as a sort of unofficial maid for her illustrious sister, Madame Sun Yat-sen.

This may sound odd to Americans. Couldn't the Soongs afford plenty of servants? They could and they had them. But in China servants don't change the domestic picture as much as in the West. Family life is informal, and even the wealthiest Chinese girls take their domestic duties seriously. Life inside the home is simple. Madame Chiang in her Chungking palace even today is as much the favorite Auntie as she used to be when she was still Mayling Soong, Mayling the little sister, in the presidential residence.

* * *

Few Americans could appreciate these homely facts about Madame Chiang Kai-shek when they watched her in the newsreels, making speeches, attending banquets, meeting the President. The beautiful Chinese woman who holds a unique position in the world, by force of her own character more than by circumstances, is beset by more personal doubts and fears than ever burdened an average housewife.

When her voice, passionately earnest, faded out in the air of the Senate chamber, on the occasion of

her address to Congress, American legislators rose to their feet and cheered. It must have been the high point of Madame's career, for now at last she was face to face with her adopted country, the United States. For years since her marriage to Chiang, Mayling has anxiously watched us, pleaded with us, argued with us. She has been desperately eager that we live up to her deep faith in America.

* * *

Mayling was brought up by an America-minded father and she was sent away as a child to live in an American school. She was almost twenty when she returned home, and deliberately set herself to be as Chinese as possible. In her mind, however, a good Chinese remained also a good American. She kept one eye on the West in the difficult years of adaptation, after her marriage, while her husband and she climbed, step by step, battle by battle, to the very top.

For her it was a double battle, and I don't doubt that she enjoyed it. Not only was she by her husband's side in the political and military struggle, but she was the leader of the Chinese feminist movement, a tall order in itself. The old-fashioned Chinese do not keep their women underfoot, but they prefer "keeping" them, even if it's on a pedestal. A woman on a pedestal, said Mayling to me once, is also a prisoner. A woman, she said, should be herself with the power to choose to do her duty, not to have her duty forced upon her.

This was an echo of her mother, that remarkable Mrs. Soong who insisted upon equal education for her daughters and her sons, and who sent her children away from home and overseas, in a manner usually known as Spartan, though the Chinese can outdo the Spartans any day when it comes to fortitude.

* * *

Madame Chiang's life is austere and arduous. Only very seldom does she take the time to relax and enjoy herself. Her older sister Madame Kung insists on a little merriment and frivolity during the infrequent visits of the Chiangs to her house, and Madame Kung is famous in the family because she can make the Generalissimo laugh. The character of Madame Chiang's few pastimes is innocent and very domestic. She has even suppressed a strong love and understanding of clothes; only during her visit to the United States did she really let go and indulge herself. She was brought up as a Southern Methodist, and though in later years she has sometimes lost patience with the missionaries, her choice of activity is still dictated by the simple philosophy of her church.

* * *

American glamour girls are always posing in gingham aprons, beating eggs and generally behaving like dear little women in the kitchen. With Mayling, such things are no pose. She enjoys making gingerbread and mixing up new recipes for orange marmalade. The Soong sisters used always

to be sending each other odd tidbits and delicacies by plane, whenever there was extra room in the diplomatic or official mail pouches.

* * *

But to return to Madame Chiang's early days, when she first became self-conscious of beauty. She did not go entirely without suitors even then. Chiang Kai-shek, an ambitious young soldier, spotted her the first time she came to Canton on a visit to her sister, and he went on record straight away as an aspirant for her hand. There was another young man in the offing, and for a while Mayling actually did consider him. There were two older men, both important in the political picture, who were interested in the young girl. One was Borodin, the Soviet adviser to the Kuomintang; as he had a wife already, the Soongs didn't dream of considering him seriously. The other was Eugene Chen, who until his death this May fulminated against all the Soongs and blamed the entire war on them. It is a family joke among the Soongs that Chen once scribbled all over a desk blotter the words, "Mayling darling, darling Mayling, Mayling darling —" and sent the blotter to her in the mail. It is a family joke, but Madame Chiang doesn't like to be reminded of it. I think she looks upon herself even now as she did in those days, as a bit of bluestocking.

For a good part of the ten years that young Chiang was paying court to her, Mayling Soong was firmly resolved to be an old maid, devoting

her life to social service. Photographs of Mayling taken in her youth show a pretty girl, but nothing extraordinary either in beauty or appearance of intelligence. It took years of intense living to model her features and to carve the brilliant good looks which she possesses now, and which do not show to their best advantage in photographs. Unlike Chingling she is not particularly photogenic; only the careful newsreel cameraman does justice to her mobile, sparkling face.

* * *

Madame Chiang had always put off her trip to America until the psychological moment. She could not have timed her visit better. But the thousands of Americans who came to hear her speak, or who merely caught a glimpse of her, would be amazed if they were to know the truth about Madame Chiang's standing in her own country. The fact is, she has a large number of enemies. She also has her army of adorers in China, of course, both an intimate circle of women who would really die quite cheerfully for her and a great mass of people who live outside the palace gates and who look upon her as a sort of goddess. In general, however, China is not a nation that encourages its women to enter public life. The Soong hierarchy is a thorn in the side of many old diehards who dabble in politics, and Madame Chiang, who has dared attempt to reform the old ways, is anathema to them.

You could probably classify opinion about the Generalissimo's wife by the

age of the judges. She stands high with the young people, but the oldsters would happily boil her in oil. And even in the younger group, most of the men qualify their praise with some such saying as, "It may be all right for the Generalissimo, but if she were *my* wife I'd give her a good spanking."

Romantic theorists among foreigners in China put it down to fear of her influence with her husband. There are corrupt generals, they say, who know that Madame is working against all that they represent, and they won't rest until they have gotten rid of her. But the chances are that few of the statesmen or generals take her so seriously. They cannot believe that their Chief of Staff, their leader, their President, would take a woman's advice more seriously than they would themselves. They don't worry. They just think it unseemly. And they do not underrate her influence among us, the wealthy and powerful Americans. That's a political asset and they are willing to respect any asset which brings them as much sympathy and help as Madame Chiang has carried home to Szechwan. Little by little, she is winning over a few of the stony hearts.

* * *

Mayling Soong is well aware of the critical opinions, and her austere days are brightened by a girlishly mischievous habit of tweaking the noses of grouches. She likes struggle. She would not be her father's daughter if she didn't have a lusty appetite for a

quarrel. I have seen her chuckle heartily over some of their roundabout, typically tortuous attacks. Her own style is more American; she hits straight from the shoulder and always out in the open. Whenever she discovers some abuse which needs airing, out it comes, hanging right in the public eye, whether or not it is family linen.

Nobody in Chungking, for instance, is likely to forget the series of articles she published in 1939 and 1940, in English and Chinese. It came out in the government-controlled papers, and it can be described only as a round scolding of the Kuomintang and of any corrupt politician who was then in power. Mayling described and denounced "squeeze," the complicated, insidious bribery in big and little places that has made the Chinese social structure rotten for centuries. She denounced the Chinese way of saying "Can't help it," and in straight and simple terms told the public — and her enemies — how such fatalism was hurting the war effort. An attack of this sort would have been remarkable even in America, under similar circumstances. In China it was breathtaking.

* * *

During the crisis of the Sian kidnapping, when Madame's party was en route to the rescue, one of the officers who was coming along with the determined lady kept trying to sneak off. He was afraid, and every time the plane stopped anywhere he made another attempt to get away to hiding, so that he wouldn't have to walk into

the lion's den with Mayling. Each time she promptly went after him — on foot, by car, any old way. Each time she dragged him back. It was a remarkable performance, and one which the officer's friends have charitably forgotten.

Such direct methods leave the old-style statesman bewildered. I have often thought, watching Madame Chiang, of a duel carried on in the Chinese fashion of sword-play. Sword-fighting according to the traditions is a complicated, graceful thing, and both combatants if they are polite must be well versed in the rules. What would happen, I used to wonder, if one of the fighters suddenly forgot his steps and gestures and simply set about slashing the other chap? He would win, and in record time. That is what Madame Chiang does: she ignores the old twisting technique and wades right in. It is my private belief that the Generalissimo enjoys watching her at it too.

* * *

We must not make the mistake, however, of thinking that anyone else can criticize Madame Chiang's beloved country with impunity. I once mentioned idly that my Chinese friends were all prone to accept and expect corruption in their officials.

"They seem to have been born skeptical," I said. "They take corruption among their officials for granted, Madame. They talk like tired old cynics."

She flashed back at me, smiling but quick to defend them. "It's a natural

result of the corrupt Ch'ing Dynasty," she said. "It will pass."

* * *

People often come away from their interviews with Chiang exasperated and swearing because Madame is his interpreter. They feel that they could manage him better without her. I doubt that; one must get up very early in the morning to get ahead of the Generalissimo no matter who is interpreting. As a matter of fact he speaks English much better than he will admit. For many years he has been studying it in private, being tutored by Mayling.

* * *

Madame has a strong sense of the dignity of her position, and that is one reason why she often feels it necessary to discourage her own impulse to joke. Like other shy people, she is afraid of ridicule. Her trip through the United States probably did a good deal to improve her self-confidence, although she was very ill most of the time. All her life she has been influenced by her eldest sister, Ai-ling. It was Ai-ling who took the place of her mother when the child Mayling was homesick and frightened. It was Ai-ling, now Madame Kung, who understood her early misgivings when she returned to China. It was Madame Kung who counselled her during the difficult days after she decided to marry Chiang, while her mother was still opposed to the match. And it was Madame Kung who persuaded her to stand on her dignity in Hong Kong, during what was surely one of the

most remarkable struggles in the history of diplomatic protocol.

It happened this way. In Government House in Hong Kong, just at the entrance, there was a Visitors' Book. All people who came to Hong Kong, who had reason to believe that the governor would be interested in their presence (and a good many besides who had no reason for such belief) went up to the House and signed that book unless, of course, they were people of such importance that they did not consider the gesture seemly. In late years the governor's a. d. c. was an anxious, ageless, Victorian-minded gentleman named Batty-Smith. Batty-Smith took his Visitors' Book very seriously.

Perhaps he worried about Madame Kung. Madame Kung lived in Hong Kong for some years after she fled from Shanghai, and somehow or other she never got around to signing the book. After all, there is a difference of opinion between Chungking and Hong Kong as to the status of the British there. . . . Batty didn't care, perhaps, whether Madame Kung signed or not. Perhaps he was even unaware that Madame Sun Yat-sen, the widow of the founder of the republic, had lived in the colony for years and years.

But when Madame Chiang came down to Hong Kong to have her teeth looked after, it was a delicate moment. Would she sign the book? She should, said Batty stoutly, up in Government House. Of course she should. She should *not*, said Ma-

dame Kung firmly, out in Sassoon Road where the sisters were living. Madame Chiang's rank was much higher than the governor's, she said. The governor should call on Madame Chiang first. If not, they would simply ignore him.

And that is just what the Soong sisters did. The matter was hotly discussed in Government House, but I never heard it mentioned at the Kungs. There is now a general feeling in the Soong crowd that the British will know better next time, if there is a next time for the British in Hong Kong as a crown colony.

* * *

She is an intensely interesting study, our Madame Chiang. I find that I always think of her not as a woman, but as a girl. Her spirit is that of a girl, an undergraduate of Wellesley. She has the eager, questing intelligence of an undergraduate. She has the ideals of a young woman who has not yet been too much disillusioned to believe in a better world. Only a girl could have suggested, as she suggested to me one day, that we start a literary newspaper in Chungking in English, a paper of essays — "Like Addison and Steele," she said enthusiastically. She is an intriguing combination, this beautiful woman who looks so poised and sure of herself, who yet has the heart and the misgivings and the sensitivity of a young student.

* * *

I have purposely not touched on the strongest weapon which her enemies use against her in China. A beautiful

woman in her position, living in China, among the Chinese, who are the most scabrous gossips in the world, naturally causes a lot of talk. Even if she had not angered those dangerous old men she would be the victim of innuendoes. Such scandal as they talk about her, however, never gets very far. The people of Chungking may repeat stories, but they treat them in a half-hearted way when the subject is Madame Chiang. There is no fun repeating stories when you know that your audience doesn't believe them, when you know that you yourself don't take any stock in them.

* * *

Mayling Soong married the Generalissimo not only for love, although she did permit herself to love him, but from a sense of duty. It was obvious she selected him as the man of her acquaintance most likely to go far. She

thought she could do most good if she married Chiang Kai-shek. She would have most power as his wife, and so she married him.

It has been a successful marriage as marriages go, but one thing has always been missing from Mayling Soong's life, and it will always be missing. She has never had romance. She doesn't look for it. They all know that in Chungking. She accepts this. She thinks that most women in the world have made the same choice, because in regard to the habits of people outside her own circle, Mayling Soong is a very innocent woman. Only an innocent woman would have said, as she did to me one day in a perfectly off-hand tone, considering the staggering psychoanalytic implications of her statement:

"Of course I work too hard. I sublimate. Sooner or later, don't we all?"



Lovers —

Lovers, like sick people, may say what they please.

— JEREMY COLLIER

A lover tries to stand in well even with the house dog.

MOLIÈRE

A lover tells a woman all that a husband carefully hides from her.

— BALZAC

Lovers never tire of each other — they always speak of themselves.

— LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

All the world loves a lover; but not while the love-making is going on.

— ELBERT HUBBARD

If there is any one thing that a man should do in private, it is his loving.

— E. W. HOWE

THE FIRST SUBMARINE

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

To appreciate the difficulties faced by Sergeant Ezra Lee, commander of the first submarine ever on the water, it is necessary to know something of the vessel in which this stout-hearted and forgotten Yankee set out, one night in 1776, to destroy the British fleet in New York harbor. The *American Turtle*, as this primordial U-boat was called, was made of oak frame timber in the shape of a round clam. It was bound with iron bands, the seams calked, and the whole smeared over with tar. The top, or head, was of metallic construction, hinged, with eight small windows of thick glass. "On a clear day and in clear sea water," said Sergeant Lee, "I could see to read at a depth of three fathoms." But Lee could have done but little reading, once he had been clamped into the *Turtle*, for he had too much else to attend to.

The *Turtle* was six feet high. A foot spring opened a cock which let water into a compartment, for submerging; two hand pumps were used — by nobody but Lee, the only man aboard — to empty the compartment, for rising. When on the surface, two small

tubes let air into the vessel, but when submerged the operator had to get along with such oxygen as was present. The *Turtle's* inventor said that the vessel contained "sufficient air to support the operator for thirty minutes." Candles were tried for lighting, but they burned up the oxygen very quickly, and resort was had to "two pieces of shining wood, or foxfire" — phosphorescent wood — to light the compass and depth gauge. In the depth gauge was a cork that rose with the descent of the vessel, and fell with the ascent. "A one-inch rise of the cork," said Sergeant Lee, "denoted a depth of one fathom."

For ballast, the *Turtle* carried 900 pounds of lead on her bottom, a part of which could be cut loose and lowered on a cable to act as an anchor. For motive power, there were two sets of paddles — "like the arms of a windmill," says Lee — furnished with a crank for each set. The smaller set was at the *Turtle's* head, or top, and aided the vessel to ascend. The larger paddles, which were twelve inches long, were the motive power. "By vigorous turning of the crank," Ser-

STEWART H. HOLBROOK, lecturer and author, is now writing a history of the United States designed to bring to light the achievements of the unsung heroes of America. THE AMERICAN MERCURY plans to publish each month an essay or sketch drawn from Mr. Holbrook's material. This is one of the series, as was "Deborah, The Female Soldier" in the August issue.

geant Lee reported, "I could make about three miles an hour." There was also a rudder, a sort of fin on the vessel's rear.

Such was the *Turtle* proper. In addition to the apparatus already cited, the vessel carried a complicated boring machine; and a sort of torpedo, called a magazine, which was the *Turtle's* offensive weapon. What with holes all over the vessel to permit entry of the shafts of the two propellers, of the rudder, the pumps, and the boring apparatus, it seems a wonder that Sergeant Lee did not operate in water up to his waist, but he never complained of bilge in the scuppers; and Dr. Benjamin Gale, who had a hand in the *Turtle's* construction, in a long letter to Silas Deane about the submarine, vowed that "all of these shafts are so curiously fix'd as not to admit any water to incommode the machine."

The *American Turtle* was conceived in the mind of David Bushnell, a farmer boy of Saybrook, Connecticut, who was graduated from Yale in 1775. During his college years he had become interested in methods to explode charges of powder under water, and promptly on his graduation set out to devise an underwater craft to be used against British ships which were then cluttering up American waters and closing American ports. With considerable help from the aforementioned Dr. Gale, who was also a Yale man (A.B. 1733), young Bushnell went furiously to work and late in 1775 the *American Turtle* was

ready for its trial run in the Connecticut river at Saybrook. Whether or not Bushnell operated the vessel on this run is not known. He is described by contemporaries as "too frail" for such rugged work as the *Turtle* called for. In any case, the trials must have been encouraging, for presently General Samuel H. Parsons of the Continental Army was calling for "two or three volunteers" to learn how to operate what newspapers of the time, if they knew of it at all, neglected to call America's Secret Weapon.

Sergeant Ezra Lee, late of Lyme, Connecticut, was among the volunteers. He with inventor Bushnell and others made "several experimental voyages" around Saybrook. Troubles developed. In late November the forcing pumps were not performing well. In early December Dr. Gale was writing Silas Deane to say that the shining wood or foxfire failed in frosty weather, and asked Deane to inquire "of Doctor Franklin if he knows of any kind of phosphorous that will give light in the dark but not consume the air." In February 1776, Gale wrote that experiments with lighting were still being made. He had by then met Sergeant Lee, who, he says, "is no enthusiast, but a perfect philosopher, and by no means doubtful of succeeding." Any man who was going to operate the *Turtle* simply had to be a perfect philosopher.

The experimental voyages apparently continued throughout the spring and early summer of '76, mostly in Long Island Sound. Meanwhile, the

British had taken possession of Long Island, Staten Island, and Governor's Island. The Sound was getting too warm for any vessel that was "to produce astonishment to those against whom it is designed;" so Lee and his helpers hauled the *Turtle* out of the Sound at New Rochelle, took it overland to the Hudson, and launched it in the river. The time had come for the first U-boat attack in history.

II

It was now August 1776. A sizable British fleet lay in New York harbor just north of Staten Island. With it was a large number of transports. Presently came a favorable night, and at eleven Sergeant Lee and party set out. They were in two whaleboats towing the *Turtle*. At a point described as Whitehall Stairs — near the Battery — the expedition halted. Lee crawled into his one-man sub, the head was clamped tight, and away he went down the dark waters, alone.

Here was an epic voyage, a trip for a man of cold courage, a hero by the standards of all times and places. Even in the quiet waters of Long Island Sound, in broad daylight, and with no lurking enemy, a ride in the *Turtle* was something akin to suicide. There were so many things to go wrong with the bungling and complicated mechanisms. Should the lead weight on its bottom drop away, the operator might find himself standing on his head. Too, the vessel was really a sieve with its countless openings

plugged, and "smear'd over with tar;" should a leak start, the operator could do little but drown where he was, for he was clamped in from the outside. A floating log might break the windows. A good jolt could set off the devilish infernal machine on the *Turtle's* back. It is questionable that any other ship ever put to sea was so open to fatal accident. But there is nothing in the records to indicate that the daring young Nutmegger from Lyme gave it a passing thought.

Now it was night, and down below him somewhere in the dark, as Lee knew, was the fleet, and in the fleet the *Eagle*, sixty-four guns, the mighty flagship of Lord Howe. Sergeant Lee had understandingly set his heart on the *Eagle*.

Turning his crank "vigorously," Lee went on. The tide was in ebb, "very strong," says Lee, and before he was aware of the speed he was making, he had passed the men of war and was heading out to sea. This was bad, for dawn was soon coming and the *Turtle* was no ship to approach the British navy in daylight. What was worse was the tide. Lee had to work like a Trojan to get the awkward craft turned about, and then by hard labor at the crank "for the space of five glasses by the ships' bells, or two and a half hours," he arrived under the stern of what he felt certain was the *Eagle*, looming up big and tall in the twilight that precedes early dawn.

Lee's task now was to attach the torpedo or magazine to the bottom of the man o' war. This magazine was an

oak container shaped like an egg. It was attached to the *Turtle* by a large screw, a little above the rudder. In the oaken egg were 130 pounds of gunpowder, a clock, and a gun-lock provided "with a good flint that would not miss fire."

The method of attaching the bomb to the ship's hull was this: a long sharp screw, worked by hand from inside the submarine, would penetrate the hull — theoretically — then be disengaged, and left sticking out from the hull. Attached to this spike was a line for holding the torpedo firmly against the ship until the magazine should explode. So, all that Sergeant Lee had to do, now that he was under the *Eagle's* hull, was to hold the *Turtle* steady, bore into the ship, disengage the screw, plug the hole in his own craft, loose the powder magazine from the *Turtle*, attach it to the screw in the *Eagle's* hull, then get out of there as quickly as possible. Incidentally, the clock was set for running twenty minutes from the time the magazine was unscrewed from the submarine — which automatically set the infernal machine in motion — until the lock struck and fired the powder. Lee figured that twenty minutes would give him time to get clear.

Well, here Lee was at last, under the gently rocking flagship of the British fleet. One can wonder what his thoughts were, this "perfect philosopher," this first submarine commander. But he had little time for reflection, and he was a man of action anyway. He opened the seacock and

let more water into the submerging compartment. The *Turtle* slowly yet perceptibly sank. Lee felt it rubbing the underside of the big ship. All was dark as pitch, except for the foxfire on his compass and gauge. He started the boring machine, and although it turned perfectly, it wasn't boring anything. What Lee had run into was thick copper sheathing on the *Eagle*. He paddled along a few feet, then tried again. Same result. After several more futile attempts, Lee put the *Turtle* into a real dive, going under the ship and coming up on the other side. He was a determined man. But it was still copper and he could do nothing against it with his wood-boring bit.

Dawn was coming, all right. Lee noted that he could now see the machinery and his own hands. He could hear orders being given on the decks above him, but he didn't think they applied to his attempt, for he was certain he was undiscovered. Still, he was in a tight place. It was getting lighter by the moment. He knew he had before him a voyage of four miles before he could consider himself anything like safe.

Sergeant Lee came to the surface, and now took his bearings. He had to do this because the foxfire, or phosphorous or whatever it was, had failed and he could not read the points of his compass. He submerged again and started north for the Battery, turning his crank. The tide, praise be, had turned and was now with him again. Governor's Island, which he would have to pass, was his great danger. He

had to rise to the surface every little while to make sure of his course, and presently he came abreast of the Island and could see hundreds of British troops down near the shore. They saw him, too, and were obviously trying to make out what the strange craft was. Lee saw a big barge push off from shore and start toward him. He paddled for dear life, but the barge was coming much faster.

Sergeant Lee was no man to take a torpedo to sea and bring it back. Just as the barge filled with British marines got within good shouting distance, Lee pulled the pin of his torpedo and cut it loose, expecting that his pursuers would seize it, as well as himself, and that they would all be blown to atoms. "Providence, however, directed otherwise," as Lee related the incident, "for the enemy, after approaching within fifty or sixty yards of the machine, and seeing the magazine detached, began to suspect a *Yankee trick*, took alarm, and returned to the Island." It was well for them that they did.

As for Lee, he knew what was in that lethal egg-shaped thing, and he paddled with all his might to get as far away as possible. He made his escape. The magazine had barely drifted past Governor's Island when it went up in one great blast, tossing large columns of water and hunks of wood and iron high into the air. The force of the explosion — "a report like thunder" — was noted at the Battery, on Manhattan's tip. It was the Black Tom Explosion of 1776.

General Israel Putnam, General Parsons and other American officers saw the explosion, and were on hand to welcome the intrepid Lee when he crawled out of the *Turtle* and came ashore at Whitehall Stairs.

III

A few days after Sergeant Lee's exploit, the Americans evacuated New York, and the *Turtle* was taken far up North River and moored. In it Lee made one more attempt in the Hudson, this time "upon a frigate that lay off Bloomingdale." But the deck watch saw the *Turtle* approaching, gave the alarm, and Lee escaped.

For almost a year, nothing more was heard of the *Turtle*. Then, on an August night, in 1777, as the British frigate *Cerberus* lay in Black Point Bay, west of New London, holding a schooner it had taken as prize, one of the crew hauled at a long line which seemed to have fouled on the schooner. At the end of the line was "a machine upward of one hundred weight" which the curious sailors hauled aboard. No sooner was it on deck than it exploded, killing three men and blowing the schooner to bits. Captain J. Symons, commander of the *Cerberus* was pretty angry at such warfare. He wrote British Admiral Parker about "the mode these villains must have taken . . . as the ingenuity of these people is singular in their secret modes of mischief."

One account has it that the *Turtle* was next taken to Philadelphia where

it helped to plant the Delaware river with floating kegs of powder and to send them bumping, and sometimes exploding, among the British fleet there. This event was celebrated in doggerel verse as "The Battle of the Kegs," by Francis Hopkinson. It made sport of the terror of the British sailors at this new kind of atrocity.

As for Sergeant Lee, his cold-blooded courage had taken the eye of General Washington. The Commander-in-Chief congratulated him in person, and later employed him in some sort of secret service, probably as a spy. Lee also served bravely at the battles of Trenton, Brandywine, and Monmouth. He died at Lyme, his home town, in 1821, aged seventy-two, full of honors as an outstanding hero of the Revolution. Had a Longfellow fastened on him, he would be as well-known today as Paul Revere, and it is a pity that he isn't.

The inventor of the *Turtle*, Bushnell, was the butt of much popular ridicule after the *Turtle's* failure to blow up Howe's flagship. But two years later, when Washington organized companies of miners and sappers, Bushnell was put in command of one

company, and later was promoted to captain. In 1781 he was sent to West Point in command of the Corps of Engineers, and was mustered out of service at the end of the war. During the next decade he seems to have disappeared, and it was thought he went to France. There is considerable mystery regarding him at this period and later. In 1795 he turned up in Columbia County, Georgia, as a school teacher and under the alias of "Doctor Bush." The only person here who ever knew his real identity was a former fellow soldier, Abraham Baldwin. Bushnell died in Warrenton, Georgia, in 1824, where he had practiced medicine for a number of years, still under the style of Dr. Bush.

In the United States, at least, Bushnell is considered the legitimate father of the submarine. Sergeant Lee did not fail him, either. Only the sturdy copper on Lord Howe's ship prevented Bushnell from joining the ranks of Eli Whitney, Samuel Colt, and Thomas A. Edison. Long after the war, in a letter to Thomas Jefferson, President Washington wrote of the *Turtle*: "I then thought and still think it was an effort of genius."



WITH reasonable men, I will reason; with humane men I will plead; but to tyrants I will give no quarter, nor waste arguments where they will certainly be lost.

— WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Epidemiology

BUBONIC PLAGUE IN AMERICA

BY TOM S. HYLAND

UNKNOWN to most Americans, bubonic plague, the dread Black Death of the Middle Ages, is today entrenched in the United States. The disease has a firm foothold in the Western states and is now spreading eastward into the Mississippi Valley. It appeared most recently in North Dakota and may spread to the Atlantic Coast in another generation.

Though the plague is primarily an animal disease which claims human beings only incidentally as its victims, and fatal human cases of the plague in the United States have averaged only one or two a year for the last two decades, these facts by no means lessen the worries of public health authorities. The great plague epidemics of medieval Europe and modern Asia were caused by similar epidemics among rats whose fleas readily stray to bite human beings.

In the United States, however, the plague has taken a new and potentially even more dangerous form, for it is spread by wild rodents such as squir-

rels, rabbits, chipmunks, prairie dogs, etc. It has also been discovered in burrowing owls (which share the holes of prairie dogs) and hawks. The great danger is that at any time the diseased animals of the sparsely settled regions, driven, perhaps, from their habitat by drought or famine, will give their fleas to city rats and thus start great urban epidemics, a peril which increases as the disease insinuates itself eastward into the more densely populated part of the nation.

There is still another cause for worry. Rat plague, and its corresponding outbreak among mankind, appears in cycles, rising to its highest incidence and then dying out in the course of a century or less, a phenomenon not yet explained by science. Wild rodent plague follows no such cycle; it is everlasting and permanent. "Americans will have to learn to live with the plague," warns the nation's foremost plague expert, Dr. Karl F. Meyer of the University of California. And, he adds, the fact that the United States has so far escaped a catastrophic plague epidemic does not indicate that one may not occur sometime.

TOM S. HYLAND is a technician fourth grade in the mechanized cavalry, now serving overseas. He was a student at Harvard University and at the University of Wisconsin.

The world has suffered three known major plague epidemics. The first swept the Roman Empire in its twilight years and hastened its fall. The second ravaged medieval Europe in what is probably the greatest single disaster in recorded history. Somewhere between one-fourth and three-fourths — no estimates are reliable — of Europe's people died, and historians have named the plague as cause for events as different as the Reformation and the obliteration of the Viking settlements in America. The plague slowly disappeared from Europe, for reasons still unknown. It made a brief return in the seventeenth century — Pepys and Defoe have described its outbreak in London, where 69,000 persons died in 1664 — but in general it retreated across Russia into Asia and back to the mountains of southern China.

The third great plague eruption, from which the world is still suffering, began in 1892. The disease emerged from the hills of Yunnan Province and extended into the rest of China and down into India, killing millions upon millions of people. In 1893 the bacillus was identified for the first time by the Japanese, Kitasato, in Hongkong and by the Frenchman, Yersin, in Indo-China. From Hongkong the plague spread to seaports on every continent. In the United States the first bacteriologically proved case of plague was discovered in 1900 in San Francisco, though experts think that sporadic cases had existed for several years in North America.

II

Then followed one of the most shameful episodes in the history of American public health. San Francisco's business interests and all its newspapers except one flatly denied that the plague existed there. So did California's governor. So did a group of prominent San Francisco doctors. Plague, they claimed, was a disease only of the Orient, where it was caused by overcrowding and bad sanitation such as could be found nowhere in America. (The rôle of rats and fleas in spreading bubonic plague was not discovered until 1904.)

The handful of physicians who found the plague in San Francisco were personally vilified and bitterly ridiculed in the press. Businessmen censured them as "meddlesome doctors seeking publicity." As a reward for finding plague bacteria, a state bacteriologist was not only discharged but deprived of part of his back salary. The state refused to print plague reports and statistics.

But the statistics continued to pile up as people in San Francisco's Chinatown died regularly of this supposedly non-existent disease. In 1900 at least 121 known cases appeared, all except six of them fatal; but scores of other cases were unrecognized, concealed by the victim's friends or hushed up by frightened officials. The plague controversy became so violent that President McKinley appointed a commission to dig into the facts. The commission agreed that plague had

invaded the city. All of Chinatown was quarantined, and surrounded by ropes and policemen. In 1901, when the plague petered out, many people still believed it had never existed.

The plague appeared again after the San Francisco fire in 1907. Rats fleeing from Chinatown spread the disease to every quarter of the city. Within six months the incidence of plague among rats tripled. But again business interests and newspapers refused to recognize the epidemic. At last the Federal government threatened to quarantine the whole city. A public health officer called a meeting of prominent businessmen. "Probably you do not realize what such a quarantine means," he said. "It means that each man in this room, and you are all millionaires, will go broke!" The threat of bankruptcy worked better than the threat of the Black Death. Businesses and the local government reluctantly cooperated to suppress the rats rather than the facts.

Then health officials made the most tragic discovery of all. Sometime during the years when San Francisco was denying that it harbored the plague, the disease had somehow crossed the bay and infected the ground squirrels in the region south of the Sacramento River. The state began a campaign to exterminate the infected animals. Squirrels were slaughtered until the disease seemed to be almost wiped out among them and by 1920 the anti-plague campaign was dropped.

For a while the plague lay dormant, then in 1933 and 1934 some people

died of it. Federal investigators found that California's ground squirrels and other rodents were still widely infected. Then they made the alarming discovery that Oregon, Montana and other states had also been invaded.

III

Forty years ago the plague could probably have been driven completely from the United States. Now it is much too late. Too many animals over too wide a territory are infected. Continuous sentry duty against the plague is maintained by the U. S. Public Health Service and several state health departments. Plague hunters regularly scour the West, shooting squirrels, trapping rabbits, digging dead gophers from their burrows. With gloved hands they carefully put their catches into flea-proof bags and take them to their laboratory trucks. There they comb the fleas from the animals and cut out certain organs and tissues. These specimens are sent to the U. S. Public Health Service laboratories at San Francisco, where bacteriologists cautiously examine them for *Bacillus pestis*, the bacteria which cause plague. The plague patrols are now paying special attention to the neighborhood of the many new military reservations throughout the West. Their reports on the spread of the plague have long been published weekly by the Federal government. Forest rangers, the U. S. Biological Survey and many ranchers also cooperate in reporting evidence

of the plague among Western wild life.

Regions found to be infected with the Black Death are posted with warnings that "sylvatic plague" is present and that residents and visitors should avoid contact with rodents. These warnings are often misunderstood, since not everyone realizes that sylvatic plague is identical with bubonic plague except for the sort of animals which carry it — a distinction important chiefly to epidemiologists.

Statistics on the disease are unreliable because not only do many people in remote regions of the West become sick and die without being attended by a physician, but also many cases of plague undoubtedly have not been recognized as such by physicians.

A delayed diagnosis makes the victim's recovery very unlikely. The plague can often be cured if injections of serum are given in the early stages of the disease, but if the plague is not recognized for several days, the serum is useless. Anti-plague serum is always kept ready for emergencies at Federal laboratories in San Francisco and in Hamilton, Montana. Doctors have had some success in treating plague victims with various sulfa-drugs, but the number of trials has been much too small to be a valid proof of the efficacy of these compounds against the plague.

Besides its bubonic form, characterized by buboes or swollen lymph glands, usually in the groin, the plague

may appear in two other forms, both caused by the same bacteria. These are even harder to identify. One is septicemic plague, in which the bacteria invade the blood stream. The other is pneumonic plague, in which the lungs are the center of infection. The latter is not only the most difficult form of plague to diagnose, since it resembles commoner respiratory diseases, but it is also the most menacing, since it is the only form of plague which can spread without the help of fleas. The victim's breath floods the air with bacteria-filled water droplets which may infect anyone in their path, and a major human epidemic could thus begin without rat carriers. A preview of such a disaster appeared in Oakland, California, in 1919 when an improperly diagnosed case of plague began a series of thirteen cases, all but one of them fatal. Again, in Los Angeles in 1924, an epidemic of pneumonic plague killed thirty out of thirty-two sufferers.

In spite of this, the see-no-evil chamber of commerce point of view has changed little since 1900. As plague-hunting crews have sought and discovered the disease in new states, counties and valleys throughout the West in the last several years, they have continued to meet hostility and lack of cooperation — as if the greater menace were not the plague but public knowledge that it exists. Businessmen fear that tourists will avoid infected regions.

There is no need for hysteria, either among residents or among visitors to

the plague-ridden areas. If people will avoid wild rodents and guard cities, farms and camps against domestic rats; and if doctors will learn to

diagnose the disease promptly, the Black Death can be held at bay in the United States, even though it may never be eradicated.

Physiology

WHAT DOCTORS KNOW ABOUT FATIGUE

BY ROBERT H. FELDT, M.D.

PERSONS talk about fatigue as though it were some strange new scourge threatening the war effort with sabotage. Actually the feeling of tiredness that follows productive work is a normal phenomenon, a highly desirable warning that rest is needed. Fatigue ranges in type from exhaustion of the mile runner after four minutes of extreme exertion to the weariness of the busy executive at the end of a nine-hour stint. We are talking now of fatigue in healthy persons. The fatigue of diseases is another subject.

One type of tiredness is the kind that follows extreme muscular exertion. It is called physical fatigue and some phases of it can be measured. A blocking quarterback has it at the end of a football game. Continuous use of one group of muscles leads to physical fatigue and eventually there is a decrease in the speed and force of muscular contractions.

Physical fatigue is dependent on body efficiency and natural endurance.

Some people are constitutionally endowed with the ability to perform maximum amounts of work with limited degrees of fatigue. While he was still at the Harvard Fatigue Laboratory, the Army's fatigue expert, Lt. Col. D. B. Dill, made extensive studies of track stars. He discovered that the unusual success of Don Lash as a distance runner was due to his remarkable natural efficiency: his heart and lungs could supply his body with oxygen at twice the normal rate.

Early in the war, Army doctors began asking questions of top-notch physiologists. Rumor had it that German soldiers used some sort of stimulant to prevent exhaustion during the battle of France. Is there a "pep-pill" that will lessen or delay the appearance of physical fatigue in soldiers? Tiredness is considered an important element of vitamin B complex deficiency. Will large doses of this vitamin combat fatigue? Almost overnight researchers in widely scattered institutions began a study of the military aspects of fatigue for the Army.

Soldiers at a nearby camp volunteered for experiments at the Univer-

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sity of Minnesota under Ancel Keys and Austin Henschel. The men received the standard Army ration which is adequate in all vitamins. For several consecutive days they were given capsules containing large doses of the B complex vitamins. At other times, they received placebo capsules that were identical in taste and appearance with the others, although they contained only an inert substance. Carrying full packs, the men marched up-grade on a motor-driven tread mill for fifteen to ninety minutes a day. Their marching ability and efficiency were the same whether they took vitamins or placebos. The subjective feeling of fatigue was unaffected by the added vitamin B₁ complex. One soldier insisted that his marching vigor was greatly enhanced, but at the time he was unknowingly in the placebo group.

In the next experiments at the University of Minnesota, healthy young men were deliberately placed on a diet low in vitamin B₁ for several weeks. Then they were given placebo capsules or B₁ capsules during alternate weeks. Although they suffered from mild B₁ deficiency, their ability to perform hard physical work was not improved by vitamin medication. The advertisements to the contrary, the well-nourished, tired person will gain nothing from vitamin B₁ medication if these young men who were actually vitamin deficient were not benefited.

When potent drugs are given by intravenous injection, the response is

almost immediate. Dr. A. C. Ivy and his associates at Northwestern University Medical School gave healthy young medical students B complex vitamins by this route to determine if they were more effective than when taken by mouth. Rapidly pedalling a stationary bicycle, the men reached the point of exhaustion just as quickly following the vitamin injection as they did when they received a placebo shot.

Amphetamine sulphate or benzedrine is a powerful drug stimulant. Benzedrine is familiar to many as the active ingredient of the popular little nasal inhalor. In tablet form, the drug is an excellent tonic in the treatment of some disease conditions. There were many claims regarding its effectiveness in fatigue states. Because its extra reactions sometimes make it unpleasant if not actually dangerous, Army men could not recommend it for combatting fatigue unless they were sure it was truly effective. Ivy again put his volunteers to the test. This time he gave them intravenous injections of benzedrine. Although the drug made some of the men feel "keyed up," it had no effect on fatigue.

Caffeine, given intravenously, delayed the appearance of fatigue and hastened recovery following complete exhaustion. The increase in work accomplished after caffeine, the active principle of ordinary coffee, may be due to subjective reactions. Students who got a "kick" from the drug had a sense of euphoria that lessened their fatigue. Those who failed to get a

psychological lift from caffeine derived no other benefit from it.

Mental fatigue is another type of tiredness. It is akin to boredom and follows long periods of colorless mental work. Spend a few hours reading a dull book and you'll have a first-class case of mental fatigue. The symptoms of relaxation and sleepiness are similar to those of physical fatigue and they always disappear after a night's rest.

Certain types of work result in a combination of several kinds of fatigue and production declines. In a factory where small electrical parts are made a group of experienced girls were engaged in an intricate wiring job. They used one set of muscles over and over. After the output of this crew was accurately known, the girls were told they were to be the subjects of an experiment in combatting fatigue. Then the temperature of their workroom was lowered slightly. Production increased. Light globes were replaced with identical globes. Again the production curve climbed. Five-minute rest periods each hour resulted in a further gain. Then mid-morning and mid-afternoon lunches were provided. A still greater increase in production occurred.

It seemed that each innovation was followed by greater production. Finally when output appeared to be at a maximum, everything was abruptly changed back to the original conditions and there was an additional rise in production. These experiments have been confirmed elsewhere and they show the importance of psychological

factors in combatting industrial fatigue. The girls were stimulated into greater production by the knowledge that management was interested in them and was trying to improve their working conditions.

II

Dr. W. H. Forbes, of the Harvard Fatigue Laboratory, believes the third type of tiredness — nervous fatigue — is the most important of all. Other investigators agree with him that it is more common than either physical or mental fatigue. This is true for industry as well as most branches of the military service. Housewives, white collar workers and professional people are unusually susceptible. Nervous fatigue is what most of us have when we say we are tired. It is caused by working at near-maximum capacity under emotional stress. Worry, conflict and frustration are contributory causes.

Mild or moderate nervous fatigue is a normal reaction. It is a warning that the time has come for relaxation. Unfortunately, too many of us do not heed the warning. The chronically-tired patient is familiar to every physician. Dr. E. J. Kepler of the Mayo Clinic reports that up to 10 per cent of the persons who make the pilgrimage to Rochester, Minnesota, suffer from nothing except chronic nervous exhaustion. It is a disorder affecting intelligent, intense people like lawyers, executives and teachers. Laborers are seldom victims. Most of the

patients are under the age of forty-five. As they grow older, their symptoms tend to disappear. Chronic nervous exhaustion among civilians is similar to the "flying fatigue" of aviators.

In a recent medical journal, Commander Francis J. Braceland and Lieutenant Howard P. Rome of the Navy Medical Corps stressed the importance of detecting chronic exhaustion. Men who spend long hours and days on the alert with little food or rest are apt to develop a chronic fatigue syndrome. Overlong assignment to an active sector can cause it. These men become restless and irritable. Unless the condition is recognized and treated at once, a severe disorder known as combat fatigue may follow.

III

Auto-intoxication, focal infection, endocrine diseases have long since been discounted as possible causes of chronic nervous exhaustion. Whether flyers, soldiers or civilians are involved, the causes are now known to be psychic. They are an extension and amplification of the causes of nervous fatigue. Anxiety, fear, worry, a feeling of frustration and unwillingness to accept an adverse situation may be operative singly or in combination in a given case.

The treatment of chronic nervous exhaustion has run the gamut of scientific and pseudo-scientific therapy from colonic irrigations to tonics, to

blood builders. Now, from all sides, by press and radio, the chronically tired are assailed with vitamin suggestions. Yet the observations of Kepler and others indicate how useless vitamin medication really is. Whether fatigue is physical or nervous or both together, vitamin pills cannot help. It may be consolation to some to know that at least the pills do no harm.

Vitamin medication may be life-saving if there is a real vitamin lack, but Dr. Tom D. Spies, one of the country's leading nutrition experts, emphasizes how rare true vitamin deficiency is unless there is some underlying disorder like cancer or chronic alcoholism. Fatigue is never the only sign of vitamin deficiency. Dr. Spies looks for much more sinister complaints before he will make a positive diagnosis. For the maintenance of adequate nutrition, he recommends balanced meals, not added vitamins.

Sedatives and stimulants have been alternately used in the treatment of chronic exhaustion. Dr. M. H. Nathanson of Los Angeles has shown by actual clinical tests that benzedrine gives relief from the feeling of tiredness to four-fifths of patients of this type. But because benzedrine is a potentially dangerous drug, doctors caution against its unadvised use.

Little can be done for persons with chronic nervous exhaustion unless they are willing to adopt a sensible way of life. They must learn to balance work with absorbing outside interests.



Have you ever faced his problem?

● When this fellow gets tired, his problem is simple: he just goes to sleep. But do you know what to do about "that tired feeling"?

SUPPOSE, for a minute, you think of your supply of bodily energy as a sort of savings account...



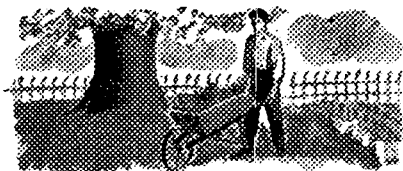
You *make deposits* in the form of food which bodily processes convert into useful energy—aided by sleep, rest, sunshine, water, and fresh air.

You *withdraw* energy from your account every time you so much as lift a finger, every time you breathe.

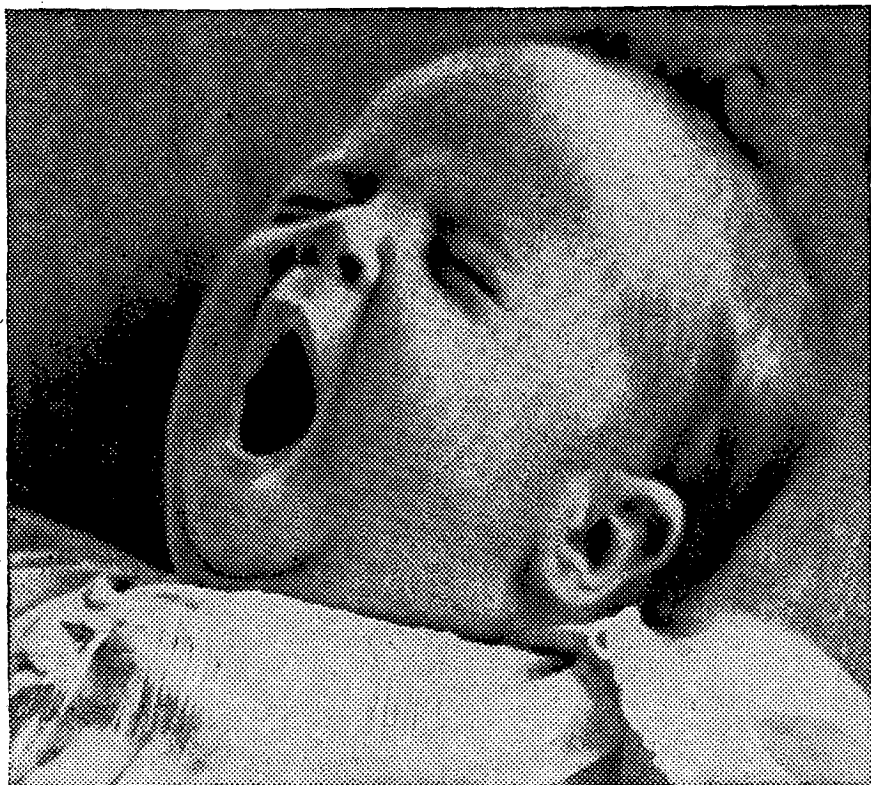
So long as you *balance* your energy account every 24 hours, you feel well and work efficiently. But if, day after day, you spend more energy than you replace, fatigue *accumulates*. You get "that tired feeling."

This is nature's warning to do four things...

- 1. See your doctor.** Chronic illnesses, such as tuberculosis or heart disease, can cause fatigue. So can poor eyesight, foot disorders, faulty posture, bad eating habits. Since bad teeth may be a cause—see your dentist, too.
- 2. Accumulate more energy.** Eat adequate meals at *regular* intervals, including a good breakfast. Try to get to bed an hour earlier. Seek *extra* sunshine and fresh air.
- 3. Withdraw less energy.** Try to change habits and living conditions which waste energy. Plan ahead—"What



your head does, your feet won't have to." Worry, tension, fear, and anger squander energy—control your emo-



tions! *Learn to relax!*...

4. **Practice relaxing** by deliberately letting stiff, tense muscles go limp, one by one. Use every odd moment to acquire this restful habit.

There's absorbing interest in your job if you look for it, and interest combats tension. After work take up a hobby—sports, music, Victory Gardening, reading, walking, just plain loafing—whatever revives *you* most quickly.

You will find helpful suggestions about overcoming fatigue in Metropolitan's free booklet, "Fatigue" or "What to Do About 'That Tired Feeling.'"

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THE FUTURE OF THE ROBOT PLANE

By MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

THE robot airplane or flying bomb unleashed by Hitler against England is neither a mere "new gadget" nor yet an irresistible weapon which will decide the war.

Unquestionably the weapon will grow in size, range and destructive capacity. It will become of increasing importance not only in this war, but afterward. It behooves the American people to know what this weapon is — and what it is not.

The German robot is no surprise to military men and aviation engineers. Driverless automobiles and manless ships, remotely controlled, have long been familiar. As early as 1921, the battleship *Iowa* was steered by remote control when she was used as a target during aerial bombing experiments by the late Gen. Billy Mitchell.

Robot tanks and robot ships loaded with TNT have been used in this war. Lawrence Sperry made encouraging tests with a robot plane at Bellport, Long Island, in 1918. A biplane equipped with a 90-horsepower engine, it had a maximum range of about 400 miles without load, and traveled at roughly 100 miles an hour.

Sperry had developed a special gyroscopic stabilizing and steering device for it which was about as efficient as the one the Germans are using

now. Progress thereafter was slow in our country, partly because of a general apathy toward military preparedness, and especially because military leaders failed to recognize the potentialities of the airplane, whether self-propelled or flown by pilots, as a weapon in future wars.

What has really made the winged bomb practical is the development of rocket and jet-propulsion engines. These give pilotless craft the necessary speed, range and carrying capacity. The Russian anti-aircraft rocket, our anti-tank "bazooka," and the Nazis' aerial torpedoes were successive steps of development which led to the flying bombs.

The wave of fear and speculation started by the German aerial robot is like the excitement the modern water torpedo caused. The naval torpedo was going to spell the end of surface ships. Flocks of torpedoes, radio-controlled, would search the seas for hostile craft and destroy them. None of the exaggerated predictions came true. The water torpedo is important, but it has taken its place in warfare as just one more kind of ordnance.

The parallel is perfect. The naval torpedo is a robot submarine just as the aerial torpedo is a robot plane. Both are self-propelled; both travel a

predetermined course gyroscopically controlled. Or both can be steered by radio. And the aerial torpedo is just another kind of ordnance.

The water torpedo has been employed by coastal defense against ships, by ships against ships, and in this war by airplanes against ships. The robot airplane will be used for all these purposes, as well as against ground targets. But it will also be developed for launching by planes against planes, and that, in my view, may prove to be its greatest military value.

To use it from fixed emplacements, as it is being used now, limits the robot's usefulness. Suppose the ordinary water torpedo were chained exclusively to coastal installations; its use would then be extremely circumscribed and its accuracy at great distances would be poor. But by bringing the torpedo close to the target on a fast-moving ship it becomes many times as effective. The same thing will happen in the air. We are certain to see the flying bombs launched from aerial destroyers and torpedo planes, equivalent to naval destroyers and torpedo boats.

The flying bomb, released by a plane in flight, will constantly grow in size and destructive power. As airplanes increase their lifting capacity and speed, they will be able to carry and launch aerial torpedoes of two, three, and four tons.

Such flying bombs, encased in an armor-piercing jacket, propelled by rocket or jet engines, will smash irre-

sistibly into the hull of any battleship afloat, or any other mass on the surface of the ground. The attack will be launched from a safe distance, beyond the effective range of anti-aircraft artillery — and with very high accuracy, because the robot plane eventually will have such terrific speeds that any ship will be, for all practical purposes, a stationary target. Nothing on the surface of land or water will be able to withstand their attacks — only opposing air power will be able to cope with them.

II

The present robot, naturally, has limiting factors. Its accuracy necessarily diminishes with distance. As a free-moving projectile, it can pick out a target as enormous as London, of course. But at longer distances an infinitesimal error at the starting point means a substantial deviation at the finish line; and no matter how scientifically the course is set, atmospheric disturbances must divert the aim.

The alternative would be to control the movement of the flying bomb by radio. But that is easily countered by the defender's electronic devices. In this war, various efforts have been made to use robot tanks and ships guided by radio. They have failed invariably. The basic flaw in all such devices is that electronic control by the sender diminishes in power, roughly, by the square of the distance. When the missile nears the target it takes a lot of power to keep it on its course,

very little to deflect it. The antidote to remote control weapons will easily be found and perfected.

The history of automatic devices thus far has proven that there is no adequate substitute for the human mind. Wherever a robot competes with a machine under human control, the latter ultimately wins out. We need only compare the haphazard nuisance bombardment of London by robots with the calculated precision bombardment of Berlin by piloted bombers to get the measure of this contrast.

The robot plane is a triumph for German science, but a demonstration of military short-sightedness. It has done much damage and will do more, but it will not divert the course of Allied strategy or seriously undermine the total strength of our war-making set-up.

The enemy, in effect, is seeking to use the innovation as a substitute for air power when, in fact, it is an integral part of air power, and becomes decisive only when used in that way. To repeat, the flying bomb is just another kind of artillery.

The monster gun, Big Bertha, with a range of 76 miles, brought Paris under fire from behind the German lines in the last war. In this war, the Dover coast has been under fire from across the Channel for a long time. Now the robot, with a range of 175 miles, has brought London under fire. Increasing the range of artillery, however, does not alter the fundamental pattern of war. The elimination of the

enemy's means of waging war, of his industrial set-up for war-making and his will to resist, is still the primary objective.

The best way to do any of these things is, by plane. In other words, the answer to the robot flying bomb in this war or any future war is overwhelming airpower.

Until some entirely new principle of destruction of life and substance directly through space without any structural vehicle — by "death rays" or electronic means, let us say — is developed, air power will remain the decisive military force in the world. And until then, wars will be won by men in planes not by robot devices.

The robot plane may be expected to be extremely useful in time of peace. There is no reason why it should not carry mail and other goods, instead of death and destruction. Just as containers now move through pneumatic tubes, pilotless airplanes will fly swiftly and accurately along radio beams between points farther and farther apart. Remote control by radio will be perfectly feasible when there is no enemy interference but, instead, coöperation at both termini. The pilotless plane will be guided into its "stall" at its destination with perfect precision by radio beam; arresting devices something like those used on airplane carriers to check the speed of landing planes will bring it to a smooth stop.

The scientific developments which will perfect the robot will be applied to other aircraft, to help pilots navi-

gate more safely and easily. If a plane can fly without a pilot, surely piloting can be made so simple that any child can drive the family airplane.

I confidently expect that the robot plane, born for the uses of war, will actually reach its greatest development in peace times.



Behind the News: 1

CENSORSHIP of war news is not dictated solely by security; and when political considerations actuate it, good newspapermen consider that they may evade it legitimately, if they can.

A noteworthy example of such evasion enabled the New York *Times* to be first to print the news, during World War I, of the replacement of Joffre as general-in-chief of the French forces.

When Wythe Williams, the *Times* correspondent in Paris, got the news from a reliable source, censors eliminated all his hints at it from his dispatches. Then Alden Brooks, correspondent for *Collier's*, happened to come into Williams' office. Williams knew Brooks had written a piece for *Collier's* on the Battle of Verdun and the heroic performances there of Petain and his second-in-command, Nivelle. This, as Williams relates in his autobiography, *Dust of Empire*, gave him an idea. When Brooks had gone, Williams wrote a message to Carr Van Anda, managing editor of the *Times*:

MANAGER LOCAL OFFICE LEAVING STOP BROOKSMAN WANTED JOB BUT APPOINTING HIS ASSISTANT AS PER COLLIER'S ARRANGEMENT OF APRIL TWENTYSECOND STOP PLEASE RELIEVE ME OF FURTHER RESPONSIBILITY.

The acute Van Anda looked up *Collier's* and caught on that Brooksmen was Petain; his assistant, Nivelle; the local office, command of the French armies. Next morning, the *Times* carried an eight-column head over a Washington datelined story, announcing that Joffre had been relieved and Nivelle was in supreme command.

The *Times* withstood the flood of denials and the demands that the source be disclosed — thereby taking care of "further responsibility." The story was confirmed officially a few days later.

TEACHER'S PET

A Story

BY GOLAND ZIRAN

DURING the first afternoon of her Christmas holiday, Agnes Trudden was at home, feeling terribly fidgety. Everything required her personal attention, because she couldn't rely on Eva, her maid, to do the least thing right. Scolding Eva invariably upset her for the entire day; but what did she accomplish by scolding her? Eva would always retort saucily that if Miss Trudden didn't like her work she could find a job in some defense factory where, working half as hard as she did for Miss Trudden, she could realize twice as much pay.

As she sadly contemplated the disintegration of the world, and in particular the moral dissolution of maids, Miss Trudden opened a large box of bonbons and placed it temptingly in the center of the coffee table. Nearby she put a platter of ham sandwiches, delicately piled to form a pyramid. Her brother, Windsy, who was a Methodist minister, said that Jews don't eat ham. But Windsy was such a stuffed shirt that she always had a

perverse impulse to prove him wrong.

A smile of mischievous anticipation stole over her face. She settled her glasses firmly on her nose and moistened her lips. Glancing restlessly at the Terry clock on the mantelpiece, she fervently hoped that Jacob would appear soon, and that she could again see his deep brown eyes which always seemed to her so charmingly sad.

Every Christmas it was Miss Trudden's custom to invite the honor student of her class to spend an afternoon in her home, sitting before a warm fire and eating her delicacies. To take such trouble with students gave Miss Trudden a slightly dubious reputation among her colleagues. But Miss Trudden believed firmly that good pedagogy dictated her actions, and no flood of gossip could divert her from her high purpose.

Her students considered Miss Trudden an eccentric old maid, and behind her back they railed at her thin figure, her shrill voice and bony hands. But they envied the boy who was selected

GOLAND ZIRAN, a native of Brooklyn, studied at Syracuse University and was graduated from New York Law School. This is his second published story but the first to appear in a national magazine. He now is working on a novel.

to come to her home, where there usually were such nice things to eat.

Suddenly her bell jingled. Miss Trudden smiled at the ham sandwiches and ran quietly to the window. She had an impulse to observe Jacob Kohn at her door before letting him in. She saw him standing stiffly in front of the bell, his eyes intently before him. Deliberately she waited to see whether he would ring again or turn his face upwards towards the windows.

"What will he do now?" she asked herself, watching the boy amusedly. "He's dressed so neatly. His hair's probably plastered."

Miss Trudden remembered that Jacob was more mature than his fourteen years. She had observed him from afar before and wondered why he seldom smiled and why he rarely participated in games with other boys, but stood apart and watched them with his great brown eyes.

He remained standing quietly, holding his cap in his hand. Another boy would certainly now peer into the windows, would at least put his hands in his pockets and whistle while he waited, Miss Trudden thought. Instead, Jacob stood there motionless, waiting for the door to open. Wasn't there something arrogant in his manner of standing so patiently, as if he knew that the door would most certainly open for him? If he didn't move—at least a step—she was resolved to keep him waiting all afternoon. The boy had a certain—yes, that's what it was—a self-assurance that she resented. It

wasn't natural, she thought, for a boy so young.

Smiling triumphantly, she saw Jacob put his cap underneath his arm and extract from his pocket a piece of paper which he read carefully. He was evidently checking the number of the house, and in so doing, he had moved about in front of the door. Miss Trudden hurried to open it.

"Hello, Jacob!" she exclaimed. "It was nice of you to come so early."

"Good afternoon, Miss Trudden," Jacob said respectfully. "I wasn't sure for awhile that I had the right house."

"Come in . . . come in, Jacob," she said, smiling.

Miss Trudden led him into the living-room. The boy stood in the center of the room looking shyly about him. To Miss Trudden's surprise Jacob didn't seem embarrassed at all. He simply remained standing until she motioned him to sit down in a huge chair facing the fireplace. Seated, his feet barely touched the green carpet of the floor. Jacob looked diminutive in the chair, the back of which was high above his head.

"My mother felt proud I was coming to see you, Miss Trudden," he said.

"That's fine," Miss Trudden replied. "I'm glad you came, Jacob."

She sat opposite the boy and carefully examined his neat tweed suit, which she never saw him wear in school. Jacob's shoes were polished bright, his face looked freshly clean and his hair, as she had rightly guessed,

was plastered down until almost stiff.

Miss Trudden, reclining in her chair with an air of ease, her legs comfortably crossed, was smiling at the boy. He, in turn, was looking at her with his brown eyes, in which Miss Trudden imagined she discovered not only melancholy but also a certain impudent wariness. She could forgive the sadness in his eyes because it gave Jacob an adorably tragic appearance which she felt rather certain Windsy would appreciate. But the sense of sharp alertness which Jacob manifested, beyond the normal capacity of his youth, she resented as though he might conceal something precious from her. He was bright — exceedingly bright for his age — she had to admit. Even so, she imagined something sly in his face: hitherto she hadn't noticed it; and though she was smiling pleasantly at him, she felt a flicker of annoyance.

"How is it, Jacob, that you learned to speak English in such a short time?" Miss Trudden asked.

The boy blushed with pleasure before he answered.

"I took English lessons before we came to America. Mama says I speak better English than her because it's easy for a boy to learn."

"Better English than *she*, you should say, Jacob," corrected Miss Trudden with alacrity.

"Thanks-a-lot," Jacob replied eagerly, "better English than *she*."

He looked gratefully at Miss Trudden. She noted he didn't smile as another boy would on such an oc-

casional. Instead, his gratitude seemed to pour from his marvellous eyes.

Miss Trudden's mind simply brimmed with curiosity. Subdued excitement wouldn't allow her to sit still a moment. She would offer the boy candy, or she would show him Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, richly illustrated, or she would proudly display the huge family Bible, yellowish with age and possessing, for all its austerity, an odor of decay. Miss Trudden turned the first pages of the Bible, which lay fondly in her lap, and read aloud the names of her ancestors. Although she always experienced pardonable pride in alluding to them, she was now aware of the keenest pleasure in reciting the long file of ancestral names appearing in the black book. Before this uprooted boy, torn away from his birthplace, Miss Trudden had a smug feeling of belonging, of having her own roots righteously planted in her own land.

II

While Jacob filled his mouth with candy, she asked the boy questions about himself and his family. In 1939, Jacob said, his mother brought him to America from his birthplace, Breslau, Germany.

"What happened to your father, Jacob?" Miss Trudden asked.

"He was killed just before we left," Jacob said, looking directly at her with his sad eyes.

"Did you have brothers or sisters?" Jacob looked at the flickering fire in

the grate. His small, slender hands, fragile as a budding flower, quivered in his lap. A moment later he stared gloomily at Miss Trudden.

"I had a sister," the boy said.

"What happened to her, Jacob?"

Sitting at the edge of her chair, Miss Trudden was just in the act of putting a bonbon in her own mouth when Jacob said in a voice of tired anguish.

"She died also."

"How terrible!" exclaimed Miss Trudden. "Tell me about it, Jacob. Sit back quietly and tell me about it."

She crushed the bonbon against her palate and her jaws moved rhythmically. Here indeed was something worthwhile to relate to Windsy. She sensed the boy's story would be exciting; and she became so nervous that she could hardly sit still in her chair.

Jacob was darkly silent, like an ensnared bird, and suddenly he looked up and saw Miss Trudden smiling at him.

"Don't be afraid, Jacob," she said.

"There's no one here except me."

The boy looked at her in a rather startled way. He glanced tiredly at the clock as if the secret of his horror could be found lurking there.

"What was her name?" Miss Trudden said.

"Ilse," Jacob answered. And as he uttered her name, he sat stiffly against the frame of the huge chair and his head was partly tilted upwards, revealing his small white throat.

"How did she happen to die?"

"She was a student at the univer-

sity," said Jacob dreamily. "An honor student in chemistry. She was beautiful," he added softly.

At that moment, in the flow of the boy's anguish, Miss Trudden saw how grotesque his face had become; how much it seemed, despite his unmistakable youth, like the wizened face of a dwarf. And she hoped Jacob wouldn't cry, for then she feared he wouldn't speak at all. Soon he grew composed again and looked calmly at Miss Trudden.

"You must have loved her very much," she said, tensely observing the boy and sitting forward in her chair, her head inclined towards him, as if the very posture of her body anxiously besought him to continue.

"Ja," said the boy gently. "*Ich werde sie niemals vergessen.*"

"That's a lovely sentiment," Miss Trudden exclaimed, smiling to herself because she understood his German. "But how did she happen to die?"

Jacob gazed at her with round, pleading eyes. Miss Trudden felt uneasy under the boy's puzzled scrutiny. There was no resentment in his eyes, but a hurt, strange wonder.

"She killed herself," the boy said.

"Suicide?" Miss Trudden whispered.

"Morphine," the boy nodded.

"How terrible!" Miss Trudden said softly.

"Ja," the boy said, living involuntarily in the language of his horror.

For a minute Miss Trudden looked silently at the boy. He had such a furtive expression in his face, like a man who wants desperately to hide.

The horror of a young girl's suicide shocked her; it shot quivering darts through her mind; and yet she yearned to know every detail of the tragic story, not only because of her curiosity, but because of some hostile instinct that bedevilled her to frustrate the boy's hesitancy to relate fully the horror which gripped him. Miss Trudden, sitting comfortably in her chair, felt strangely elated that they were alone. She experienced an exhilarating sense of ease that caused her mouth to warm into a smile. Again she had that delicious sense of power, which she commonly enjoyed when exercising dominion over her boys in school.

"Why did Ilse do it?" Miss Trudden asked softly.

Jacob's eyes wandered aimlessly about the room, like two argosies of memory upon an uncharted sea. He seemed to avoid looking at Miss Trudden's face, which, with her head resting against the chair and her sharp face planed downward on her outstretched taut throat, like a falcon poised for flight, conveyed to the boy a complete sense of incongruity between what he saw of her in school and what was visible to him now. Jacob didn't reflect upon this disparity at the moment; but it was nonetheless in his mind, to be warmed into life, and only later — as is often common with children — to be flowered into experience. At present he was concerned only with giving, part by part, like the strung beads of some perfidious necklace, the complete strand of his horror, which she was

extricating from him with cunning artifice. Yet, despite Miss Trudden's impatient desire that he offer up his secret in a single flow of anguish, Jacob hesitated.

"She couldn't bear her shame," he finally said, his narrow little hands clutching at the saffron arms of the huge chair.

"What was her shame?" Miss Trudden asked. "What was her shame, Jacob?" she repeated eagerly. She wanted his story full and complete and from the agony of the boy's own lips. And she wondered, with a peculiar sense of delight, how he would tell it.

"I was studying my lessons late one night after dinner," he said. "Mama was knitting across the table from me. There was a large lamp with a white shade in the middle of the table. Mama's face looked badly pale, like she just got up from a sickness."

Jacob stopped suddenly and stared intently before him. In the twilight of the afternoon the room was absorbing the shadows from the waning light, but Miss Trudden could see by the huddled movement of his small body the gripping fear which seized the boy. The darkening room put a spell upon her, too. She could have filled the room with light by the mere downward plunge of the switch near the door. But thereby the flavor, the dark ecstasy of Jacob's tragedy would become a sane recital of bore-some facts. Instead, she sat motionless, greedily waiting to hear Jacob speak.

"I'm afraid of the dark," the boy said half aloud, as if irrelevantly.

"That's a silly thing, Jacob, for a grown boy like you to say," she said.

"I'm not afraid with you near me," Jacob said hastily.

She relished this, but deliberately refrained from any further utterance which might divert what she yearned to hear. So she waited, almost pained by her bristly desire, for Jacob to speak again.

"Go on, Jacob," she said finally.

III

Jacob's voice came again through the flowing darkness that enveloped the room. His voice formed in her mind, in the dark room, light-etched images like those which are imprisoned on photographic films.

"That night came the sound of heavy steps and terrible knocking at the door. Mama looked at me in a funny way; not in a frightened way; but like she had no fear any more in her. I don't know why . . . but she called out Ilse's name, as like she knew something was going to happen to her. Ilse called back from her room upstairs. Ilse was sewing a new dress. I remember it was a blue dress with a white border. They rushed in — three SS men — and they shouted to us to sit still in our chairs. They began to search the house looking for money. We didn't know it then, but they had already arrested papa earlier in the day on his way home from the American consul's office."

"Why was he at the consul's office?" Miss Trudden asked.

"To get passports for America."

"Your father wanted to run away —?"

"Yes, Miss Trudden, he wanted us to run away from Germany."

"What was your father's business?" Miss Trudden sharply inquired of the boy. Somehow an inkling of suspicion generated in her heart that Jacob's father must have been some criminal, perhaps a smuggler of gems or a sinister merchant of narcotics. She was, therefore, disappointed when Jacob replied:

"Papa was a professor at the university."

"Why did the police come to your house to look for money?"

"I don't know," said Jacob. "They must have thought we had money hidden in the house."

"And did you?" Miss Trudden asked.

"Yes," Jacob answered. "We had some money and diamonds."

"And they found them?"

"Yes — in Ilse's room."

"What happened when they found them?"

"One SS man brought the box down and laughed and placed the box on the table near the lamp. He hit mama in the face with the back of his hand and tied her up. Mama just moaned and closed her eyes. I jumped up to go to her and an SS man threw me down. He picked me up like I weighed a feather and tied me also. Then he began to smash everything in the room with his stick. When he was through he sat down and began to laugh, looking at us and then rolling his eyes

upstairs. It seemed so strange to me. But no sound came from upstairs for a long time and all the while we were sitting around the table with the SS man. The other two SS men were still upstairs with Ilse. But suddenly mama said something I couldn't understand, and then, 'She's an innocent girl — you surely won't hurt her.' The man's eyes opened very wide, and an evil smile was on his face. Something terrible was happening. I knew it when I heard mama cry. She turned her face away from me, but I could see she was praying also . . ."

Jacob's voice didn't seem like a boy's voice at all now. Miss Trudden perceived the hatred in it. There was no hesitancy in his words. His voice hurled its gauntlet of misery and horror at her feet. Miss Trudden could see by his expression that he understood, with the sensitiveness of remembered suffering, that her cruel curiosity had extracted from him the full flow of his resentful agony.

". . . Soon the two SS men came downstairs. All three looked at one another with smiles on their faces. I didn't understand why they should smile at one another. Mama looked at them and turned her head away as if she saw a horrible thing in their eyes. One SS man said: 'You've got a beautiful girl, old Jewess!' Mama's face was full of loathing. The SS men picked up the box of money and diamonds and went out followed by mama's curses. We sat there for a long time, looking at each other with eyes of horror. Then a neighbor came in,

much later, and untied our hands. . . ."

"What happened to Ilse?" Miss Trudden asked.

"Mama never told me," the boy answered. "But later in the night — I was in bed trying to sleep — I heard Ilse cry and mama cry, too. The next morning I saw Ilse. She looked sick and she didn't speak, but sat in a chair. She sat like that for a long time that morning. Mama spoke to her about eating, about papa, who hadn't come home, and about her getting dressed. But Ilse just stared and said nothing and didn't get dressed. Then suddenly she pounded the table with her fists until her skin broke and became stained with a little blood. Then she bent her head until she touched the table and sat like that for a long time, crying. Mama didn't say anything. She just sat near Ilse. Then she combed her hair and bathed her feet, which were badly bruised. The next morning Ilse was dead, with the morphine box near her side. . . ."

"And your mother never told you anything else?"

"Mama said the SS men tore her clothes and beat her many times. That's all mama told me about it."

"And your father, Jacob?" Miss Trudden asked softly.

"They put papa in a concentration camp. Three weeks later he died and they brought him home, and we later came to America. . . ."

"What an unfortunate boy you are, Jacob," Miss Trudden said.

Miss Trudden rose quickly from her chair. The fire in the grate had died

down, and the room was almost completely dark. She flooded the room with light from the ceiling lamp, and brought the blinds down over the huge rectangular windows that faced the dark street. Jacob silently observed her about the room, resembling in her jerky manner and keen alertness, a hopping magpie. The glaring light thrust upon him without warning, before he had put behind him the stark reality of his terror, evoked in him a sense of the paltry worth that she attached to his sorrow. With a boy's decent sense of permanency, he could hardly forgive her destruction of the image he had formerly treasured of her. She scarcely now glanced at Jacob, who was huddled in an angle of the huge chair, feeling bitterly his betrayal.

"My, my, how time does fly," Miss Trudden said, looking anxiously at the mantelpiece clock. "I wonder why Windsy's so late coming home."

Impatience to have Windsy hear Jacob's ripe tale of darkness curdled in her like sour milk.

IV

In the room were lustrous fabrics and sleek furniture, and on the walls hung pastels and family portraits. Tiers of books, rising from the floor to the ceiling, lined both walls beside the fireplace. All reflected a fine warmth, a sense of security, of roots sprung deep into the nourishing earth. But Jacob, in its midst, felt alien and forsaken, a wanderer with torn feet.

Miss Trudden had an abstracted air about her. With furtive eagerness she listened for familiar steps at the door. Suddenly the thought came to her that Jacob had ignored the sandwiches. With a swift glance at him, she took a sandwich and began to eat, smiling at Jacob as she crunched the food with the easy contentment of a cat.

"I'm hungry," she said. And she poured some sherry in a nearby glass, looking complacently at Jacob all the time. "Virginia ham is delicious," she said. "But with a little sherry it melts in your mouth like spice."

Jacob looked dreamily at Miss Trudden, watching her long bony hand, looking oddly like a bird's claw, shuttle back and forth from the sandwich plate. Now she didn't speak, but looked at the silent boy with an amused expression in her face.

"You've got a girl's eyes," Miss Trudden said. "You're a pretty boy, Jacob."

As the boy blushed, she rolled back her head and laughed. Jacob watched her curiously as a trickle of sherry from her unsteady glass spilled over on her dress. In the eager flow of her laughter she ignored the spilling wine. The boy contemplated the dark blotch on her dress with strange fascination.

"Won't you sip a little sherry, Jacob?" Miss Trudden asked. "Just a little drink — so you won't sit there watching me so rudely."

Laughing, she poured some of the wine and brought it to the motionless

boy, holding the glass at his lips with perverse willfulness. Bent toward him, she covered with shadow his huddled figure in the chair, resembling in the arched shape of her body a vampire crouched over its victim. Jacob mechanically drank the proffered wine, his will shackled. Miss Trudden gurgled with glee, and sat down wearily in her chair again. Despite the airy feeling that had come over her, she couldn't help but see the revulsion in Jacob's eyes.

"Don't you like sherry?" she asked coolly.

Jacob muttered: "I've drunk wine before, Miss Trudden."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Miss Trudden, drinking her third glass of sherry.

Even though Jacob gratified her wish by drinking a little wine, contempt for the boy was nevertheless lodged in her heart. She couldn't explain to herself the reason for it. It came suddenly upon her, she now remembered, when Jacob had finished telling of Ilse's death. It was as though a secret venom had distilled itself in her blood.

Her cruelty didn't flow from tawdry malice, but from a peculiar sense of shame. The blind cruelty which now coiled about her is often discernible in the needless flogging of a boy by his father, who, in his shame and contrition with every descending blow upon the body of his son, becomes the embodiment of righteous fury. Also she was aware from Jacob's persistent scrutiny, that he

instinctively realized this transformation in her.

"Thanks-a-lot, Miss Trudden," he murmured.

She smiled wryly.

"You must be hungry," she said. "Won't you take one of these delicious sandwiches?"

Quickly she brought the plate to him, and laughed as the boy took one of the sandwiches and began to eat slowly.

She liked the full glare of the naked light upon him. The deep silence of the room brought him near to her; there was no escape for him. By now her face was somewhat flushed; her eyes were large and burning with strange intensity. She looked bigger to Jacob than ever before.

V

The front door suddenly rattled. Miss Trudden rose quickly and ran towards it. In a moment she brought in Windsy. He was a tall man, round of face, with a heavy body and an austere manner. He smiled at Jacob with easy kindness. The boy stood up respectfully.

"This is Jacob," Miss Trudden explained.

"How are you, Jacob?" Windsy said.

"He's very clever," Miss Trudden said.

Abashed, Jacob looked down at the unfinished sandwich in his hand. Both were glancing curiously at him. Miss Trudden was smiling. Beside her brother

she looked warped and soggy, like spoiled fruit. Windsy sensed the boy's discomfiture.

"Sit down, Jacob," he said kindly. He lit the lamps on the small tables, switched off the ceiling light and fed some wood to the dying fire. His high, white collar which fascinated the boy, gave his face a bland yet dogmatic manner. But Jacob felt easy in his presence and thankful that the glaring light was now extinguished. Wondering how he managed to button the collar at the nape of his neck, Jacob smiled shyly at Windsy.

While the minister sat in his sister's chair facing Jacob, Miss Trudden was seated alongside of the boy. They were silent for a minute. Miss Trudden was grinning happily and her brother gazed studiously at Jacob, avoiding his sister's face.

"He's suffered so much," Miss Trudden explained to her brother. "The Nazis have killed his father and driven his sister to her death. It's a pathetic story he told me, Windsy. Poor Jacob was so upset in the telling that he just barely ate the ham — nothing but a nibble here and a nibble there, like a little mouse."

At this moment she smiled triumphantly at Windsy in a mute exchange of glances. Suddenly she rose quickly and mechanically patted Jacob's bent head. His face was ghastly pale as though the blood in it had been drained off.

"Won't you tell us again, Jacob, just so my brother can hear it, how vile the Nazis are?"

The boy shuddered, shook his head and stared blankly into the fire.

"He needn't tell it over again," said Windsy. "Why can't you tell it to me yourself some time?"

"You won't believe me," said Miss Trudden. "It's such an awfully tragic story, you'll think it's all my own invention," she added with an air of ripe triumph.

The minister sadly contemplated the agonized-looking boy. A determined, cruel smile was now on his sister's lips. That smile, with its connotation of a dark and ancient meaning, aroused in Windsy a bitter shame. Unknown even to herself, it had stealthily crept into her face.

Jacob suddenly got up from his chair, fumbling his cap in his hand. He didn't even glance at Miss Trudden.

"I must go home," he muttered abjectly.

"But don't go now, Jacob," Miss Trudden said in an alarmed voice. "It's not time for you to go yet."

But the boy walked quickly to the door, opened it and went out before either of the others could utter another word.

When Jacob reached the dark street, he had a mad impulse to run as rapidly as he could toward the trolley station. He ran all the way, panting for breath. He ran furtively through the dimmed out streets, feared to look behind him, ignoring the stabbing pain under his ribs. He ran with keen desire to race the dead, floating moon above him.

PSYCHIATRY AT WAR

An Answer to "The Errors of Psychiatry"

BY KARL M. BOWMAN, M.D.

Rarely in the history of THE AMERICAN MERCURY has an article created so much public discussion as "The Errors of Psychiatry," by Dr. Henry C. Link, in the July issue. Hundreds of letters and newspaper clippings, both pro and con, have reached this office, and almost every mail brings in a new batch. In an early issue we plan to print excerpts from the letters. Meanwhile, we are glad to offer an opportunity to the American Psychiatric Association, through its president, Dr. Bowman, to answer Dr. Link at length.

— THE EDITORS

IN the July issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, Henry C. Link, Ph.D., gave expression more pointedly perhaps than any recent writer to the gross misconception in the public mind regarding psychiatry, especially military psychiatry. As president of the American Psychiatric Association, I have been commissioned to present this brief review of psychiatric purposes and procedures, primarily to bring to the laity the actual facts of psychiatry at war.

In bringing charges of psychiatric malpractice, Dr. Link asserts that "the thesis which runs through much of our psychiatry in all its phases" is false, even unmoral. He accuses psychiatry of weakening mental and

moral fibre through "converting some mild quirk into a fancy mental illness"; through training men "to translate moral values into pathological terms"; through absolving individuals "of weak character and poor self-control by classifying them as schizophrenics, manic-depressives, paranoics, neurotics, and psychopaths."

While admitting the existence of some "competent" and "understanding" psychiatrists, Dr. Link states that for the most part — particularly in the military services — the country is being exploited by the "extremists" and the "incompetent." On the basis of his belief in the preponderance of incompetent psychiatrists, he concludes that the number of NP rejec-

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tions and 4-F's in this war is directly in ratio to the number of psychiatrists in the induction centers. Psychiatry, according to Dr. Link, is thus producing, not curing, psychiatric disorders, and through the "stigma" of the NP discharge is "helping to ruin the lives" of some 1,340,000 rejectees, to say nothing of the casualties which are returning with NP disabilities.

In considering these charges, let us first consider psychiatry as a whole. The American Psychiatric Association numbers more than 3,000 members, some of whom, to be sure, are more competent, more erudite, more successful than others, but all of whom uphold in principle the scientific theory that mental and nervous diseases do exist; that the manifestations of these diseases often simulate organic diseases; and that they are all subject to treatment and often to cure. The scientific discoveries of men like Ehrlich and his "magic bullet" — the famed "606" experiment that succeeded in destroying the deadly spirochetes of syphilitic disease which caused one form of insanity — have given dramatic proof to the psychiatric theory of the inseparability of mind and body.

Far from denying the responsibility of an individual in the strengthening of his character, his self-control, and his will-to-do, psychiatry more than any branch of medicine emphasizes the necessity of moral and ethical values. Dr. Alan Gregg, director of medical sciences of the Rockefeller

Foundation, in addressing the American Psychiatric Association on May 17, 1944, expressed this idea as follows:

No other specialty of medicine deals with diseases whose initial signs can be so easily confused with moral lapses. A soldier in an early stage of mental breakdown will be cuffed for cowardice — or shot for desertion.

Unlike jaundice, a boil, or a hemorrhage, which are obvious and usually unmatched in the personal experience of the observer, many of the phenomena of mental breakdown such as phobias, depressions, aggressive reactions, place immediate strain upon human relations because they resemble conditions familiar to anyone and controllable by normal persons.

Years passed — cruel years — before insanity was admitted as an explanation of some homicides. *Even now psychiatry itself becomes the target for the frustrated vindictiveness of those who suspect insanity as being no more than fraudulent subterfuge or evasion of full moral responsibility.*

The public's misconception of mental illness may stigmatize psychiatry as unmoral and irresponsible; but psychiatry itself cannot escape the implications of the human struggle for good over evil, for it is precisely at the point where the human character can no longer direct his God-given will-power that disease begins and psychiatry starts its work.

It is as a diagnostician that the psychiatrist plays his most important rôle — a rôle that has been tremendous in size and responsibility in the mustering in this country of some 10,000,000 men and women to fight a war of greater mental and physical dimen-

sions than any in the history of mankind.

Lt. Col. Malcolm J. Farrell, Deputy Director, Office of the Surgeon General, has said that one of the important lessons learned in the last war was that a considerable number of men, while fulfilling the physical requirements for service, were nevertheless non-effective as soldiers because of mental abnormalities. Regarding the present conflict, Col. Farrell says that:

The military challenge has made it necessary to revise concepts and to approach the problems with new viewpoints. It was necessary to shift attention from problems of the abnormal mind in normal times to problems of the normal mind in abnormal times.

II

In considering the problem of military psychiatry, it is essential to recognize the fact that the Army or Navy psychoneurotic is no different from his civilian counterpart. The causes of his illness are the same. Everyone exhibits mild psychoneurotic reactions in certain situations. Pre-examination jitters, insomnia, loss of appetite under strain — these are familiar examples. They are genuine psychoneurotic symptoms, developed in response to genuine situations, and disappear when the situation has been met and solved. *When symptoms persist beyond the obvious or immediate stress, only then can we speak of a psychoneurosis.*

And every individual has his breaking point. Some break only under

the direst tragedies; others crack beneath trivial upsets, just as some constitutions withstand contagion, while others are subject to every wave of disease.

Dr. Link blames psychiatry for the large number of persons rejected in the draft. He declares that "the country will be crowded with mental and emotional cripples who have been produced, not by the war, but by the excesses of a psychiatry geared to create or aggravate the very disorders it is supposed to cure. For in branding a man as a NP, whether rightly or wrongly, a long step has been taken towards making him one — towards transforming a mild tendency into a more serious condition."

If, however, we look over the rejectees from the draft, we find that of the 1,340,000 — the number quoted by Dr. Link — 536,000 were rejected for mental deficiency, including illiteracy. It should be made clear that these 536,000 were rejected, not by psychiatrists, but by psychologists.

Of the 802,000 which remain, no breakdown for mental disease or neurological disease is given, and the individuals with histories of infantile paralysis and a host of other conditions not usually cased psychiatric were numbered with the psychotic, the psychoneurotic, and the potentially unstable individuals. At least the purely neurological cases should be withdrawn in any study of psychiatric rejections.

Early this year, realizing that the NP rating was widely misunderstood

as a mental "stigma", the armed services discontinued its use in favor of a discharge rating that reads "unfit for military service." However, Dr. Link's charge that these NP reactions placed a stigma upon the rejectee and thus made psychiatry guilty of developing psychiatric reactions, must be considered. From the professional viewpoint, the NP rating is a diagnostic rating, just as a heart murmur, or a tubercular condition are diagnostic ratings.

III

As a result of these examinations of draftees, literally thousands of cases of tuberculosis have been uncovered and men have been rejected from the Army on the basis of an early tuberculosis which they had not known existed. They had felt physically fit and imagined themselves capable of carrying on the duties of a soldier. Many of them were much upset at being told they had early tuberculosis. Some of them doubtless were made invalids.

Would anyone say that these persons should not be told that they had early tuberculosis but that they should be taken into the Army or other armed service on the chance that they might be able to throw off the tuberculosis since they would be living under the healthy conditions which the service imposed upon them?

There are doubtless many persons who share Dr. Link's belief in the power of discipline, particularly in

neuropsychiatric conditions. Anyone who has tried to cure chronic alcoholics, psychopathic or psychotic personalities by this method of treatment learns in a short time that it does not work. Most alcoholics have already been disciplined time and time again without effect.

Psychiatry has stated and still states that the Army, Navy, Marine Corps or Coast Guard is no place for the misfit, the ne'er-do-well, the chronic alcoholic, or the psychopathic personality. The idea that the armed services will make a man out of such an individual is one of the fond delusions of the laity.

The public statements of military leaders in both World Wars bear out this fact. There is, for instance, the record of the cablegram sent from France in July, 1918, by General John J. Pershing:

Prevalence of mental disorders in replacement troops recently received suggests urgent importance of intensive efforts in eliminating mentally unfit from organization of new draft prior to departure from United States.

In the interdependency of modern warfare, there can be no weak link; those whose threshold of endurance is low cannot be subjects for full combat duty. The man with the punctured eardrum, a tubercular lung, or a nervous disorder would not be safe from the standpoint of his own welfare or that of the group. No discipline however strict could overcome in itself such disabilities.

In this connection, the Surgeon

General of the Navy, Vice Admiral Ross T. McIntire, in addressing the American Psychiatric Association convention last May 18, strongly defended the policy of the Navy in having a second screening which takes place at the training stations. Vice Admiral McIntire said:

There was a great deal of criticism of the Navy in that it was felt that the screening done at the induction centers was all that was necessary, but we have found that by our double method, we have saved thousands of men from complete psychiatric breakdowns, and so the wisdom of our policy is becoming more apparent, and as the war goes on, the benefits we earn by returning men to civil life where they will be useful citizens will justify the additional time spent in observation at our training stations. . . .

The ill winds of war have blown some good in that they have given physicians an opportunity to estimate more closely the rôle of the intangible — the psychological factors in our daily lives. With this estimate, psychiatry has cut out for itself a huge job. . . . Its valued observations are urgently needed in helping to create a stable, healthy postwar world.

The Surgeon General of the Army, Maj. Gen. Norman T. Kirk, issued the following statement to the press on May 9, 1944:

All of us today have the opportunity — I would call it an obligation on the part of news writers — to explain the problem of psycho-neurosis to the American people. Through misunderstanding and lack of thinking, the term has come to mean to too many people a state of definite mental unbalance — that a person is crazy, as some like to put it. Every person has his mental breaking point, just as he reaches a point where physical weariness overcomes

him and he must sleep. When he passes the mental breaking point, he becomes a psychoneurotic individual. But that does not mean that he is a permanent psychotic individual, a loss to the Army and a ward of the government.

We now have methods of treatment unknown or unused a few years ago which, I am happy to say, are restoring a large percentage of the psychoneurotic men to full duty. There is no definite and infallible test by which it is possible to distinguish in advance between the individual who will be an outstanding soldier and the one likely to break under the strain of training or combat. We are able, however, to weed out at induction centers those most likely to break down under Army discipline and training. Psychoneurosis is not a new disease entity, but our grasp of the problem and the steps we are taking to meet it are new, and we are achieving results which will mount as time goes on.

IV

The Surgeon Generals of the Army and Navy are not psychiatrists. They are doctors of medicine, directly in charge of the health of all the Armed Forces. Their opinion in this matter is based on a most careful study and evaluation of the facts.

Other military sources of information are the combat officers themselves, especially those who have served overseas. I have talked with many of them and they have stated strongly that they do not want doubtful men sent to them — that it is unfair to have the very lives of their command jeopardized by the presence of such men in their midst. Suggest to the commander of any submarine or flying squadron that he should take a

group of such individuals into his organization and see what his reaction will be!

The psychiatrists have not opposed the use of all psychoneurotic personnel for partial duty outside of combat zones, but up until very recently neither the Army nor the Navy has been willing to accept men in their organizations on the basis of limited duty. Since this was the ruling of those commanding the armed forces, the psychiatrist was forced to examine on the basis *that every man was to be accepted as capable of full combat duty*. There may be some controversy as to whether this is or is not sound policy. I may even add that when I was selected as a psychiatric adviser to Mr. Dykstra and the original group in charge of draft procedures, I even raised this question. Since, however, the military authorities made this ruling, the psychiatrists could do nothing but accept it. This, of course, has been one reason for rejections, and, if there had been the possibility of taking men for limited service, there would not have been the same degree of rejections by psychiatrists.

If we examine further into what a number of our psychiatrists are doing within the service, we find, for example, that many of them are setting up preventive systems to cut down the occurrence of mental disease, to reduce the incidence of disciplinary problems, and to improve the general morale of the whole organization. At North Camp Hood, Texas, a system has been sponsored of providing ad-

visers for the enlisted men, of issuing a bulletin which brings out many of the common problems that the enlisted man has to deal with, and of giving lectures to the officers so that they may better understand how to handle their men.

One finds in these bulletins an introduction by the commanding general, in which he emphasizes the importance of understanding and of utilizing this material which the psychiatrist is presenting. It is also to be noted that in this particular camp, the AWOLs decreased from 1.129 per cent to .519 per cent in eight months' time after such a system was set up.

Perhaps the critics of psychiatry will interpret that the men are simply becoming "sissies" and are afraid to go AWOL. Most of us, I think, feel that it is an indication of how psychiatry is contributing to general morale and discipline, not battering it down.

V

Dr. Link points to "one bright exception to the general trend recently reported by some psychiatrists at the front." He finds that a few psychiatrists have "reversed the common practice of sending the victims out of the battle zone for complete rest in peaceful surroundings, where life is so soft that many do not recover for months, some not at all. Instead they keep the patients as near to their unit as possible . . ."

The facts are that even in the last war the whole basis of psychiatric treatment in the AEF was exactly this. Psychiatrists were attached to each division in order to give treatment near the front, and Base Hospital 117, exclusively for neuropsychiatric conditions, was set up as near the front lines as possible, and from the start, American psychiatry emphasized the importance of this.

At the outbreak of the present war, divisional psychiatrists no longer existed in the American Army, and due to the manifold problems of military organization, it was only in September 1943 that the Surgeon General of the Army was able to announce such appointments.

From the very moment those appointments were secured, divisional psychiatrists in the Army were reestablished, and psychiatric treatment was set up near the front lines.

Vice Admiral McIntire, in the same address from which I quoted above, stated in this connection that:

We have set up in one of our operating theatres a large hospital with a competent neuropsychiatric staff that will receive the man who breaks down in combat circumstances in the shortest possible space of time, and there will be made an attempt to find ways and means of preventing a fixation of his NP conditions. To implement this, we have sent out from this hospital into the combat lines, small mobile psychiatric units so that the man will be seen immediately upon his demonstration of early symptoms. Thus we expect to be able to handle the neuropsychiatric case from its inception through to its conclusion . . .

A War Department release of May 9, 1944 accents the same procedure in the Army:

It has been found by Army doctors that the treatment of the acute combat "nerves," especially the frequent anxiety type, is best given in evacuation hospitals on the theory that the early selection of cases and quick treatment near the front and the sound of battle prevents the soldier's symptoms from becoming "fixed" in anticipation of a rapid evacuation to the rear . . .

In one campaign, the figures show that of those treated in evacuation hospitals close to the front, more than 60 per cent were returned to duty after four days, and at least four weeks of subsequent combat showed that 89 per cent of these were performing successfully.

VI

Regarding psychiatric treatment at the front, Dr. Link states that "in the last war, shell-shock really meant shell-shock. Today this term is loosely applied to almost any neuropsychiatric condition." The facts are that in the American Army in the last war the term "shell-shock" was never used as an official diagnosis. Psychiatrists objected to it.

The concept of shell-shock, as advocated by Sir Frederick Mott, was exposed time and time again by the most competent psychiatrists in England and in this country. During six months' experience with the British army, where I was assigned for training in psychiatry, I was made to understand that "shell-shock" was a popular term used by the laity, not by the

profession. During six months spent as admitting officer at Base Hospital 214 at Savenay, France, which was one of the two neuropsychiatric base hospitals in the AEF, I found that the psychiatrists never used the term except in quotations or in speaking of "so-called shell-shock." Neither the American Army or Navy uses the term, and it does not appear in the standard nomenclature of diseases adopted by the American Medical Association, the American Psychiatric Association, or the American Neurological Association.

During the last war, "shell-shock" was a popular, or slang, term indicating psychoneuroses; in this present war some of the popular names used to indicate the same conditions have been listed in a bulletin of the War Department as follows:

Eight Ball, Barrack Wacky, Bomb Happy, Glacier Happy, Zeroitis, Convoy Jitters, and the like — slang for men in camp with odd behavior.

Exhaustion and War Fatigue — used interchangeably for nervous and mental disorders.

Operational Fatigue and Flying Stress — usually a neurotic rather than a fatigue condition, although fatigue and distress may bring it on.

War Nerves — describing any group of symptoms.

War Weariness — abnormal indifference.

Transition Neurosis and Separation Anxiety — sometimes used to describe the mental state of a recruit who finds it difficult to bridge the gap between civilian and military life.

Embarkation Fever — the hysterical or panic reaction that sometimes sweeps over an individual in staging areas on the eve of departure.

Task Force Fever — another name for the same reaction among men on the eve of battle.

Traumatic War Neuroses — psychiatrists say that men with peace-time histories of neuroses who break as soldiers are not suffering from a true war neurosis. The other victims, the "normal" men, the formerly stable personalities who crack under the strain or psychic shock (produced by combat conditions of extreme intensity) can be diagnosed as traumatic war neuroses.

VII

All of which indicates that part of the problem of the general misconception and mis-information regarding psychiatry is due to *terminology*. "Words that should serve as vehicles can end by jailing us!" And this problem of terminology is of course related to the larger problem which is the real heritage of psychiatry — the human reaction of horror to psychiatric disease, the subtle confusion of early pathological symptoms, with moral weakness or unethical behavior, and the false distinction between mind and body.

There is perhaps no better way to conclude this brief review of psychiatric purposes and procedures than in quoting again from Dr. Alan Gregg, director of medical sciences of the Rockefeller Foundation:

If we realize that man is always superstitious and irrationally conservative when he is beset by fear and crises, then it is a wonder that scientific medicine has ever emerged from witchcraft. And it is yet more remarkable that diseases producing mental and spiritual signs and symptoms

have ever been dealt with rationally and scientifically.

Yours [referring to psychiatrists] has been a long struggle waged with patient heroism, none the less admirable for being at times despondent and bewildered. Nor

is as yet the battle fully won. So-called mental diseases are still regarded by mankind with fear, aversion, and ostracism, and society still pays the inexorable penalties of him who fights and runs away, and so must fight another day.



YOU WILL FORGET

By LON WOODRUM

YOU will forget
 how it was with us, save you will find
 some half-remembered thoughts to fret
 the quiet of your mind . . .
 some word, some ecstasy of laughter
 when our souls clung closely as we stood
 in splendid tears after
 we had shared some good
 sweet secret we had learned from God!

But this will remain alone
 like a priceless token:
 you will wonder what was left undone,
 unsaid . . . things unspoken,
 like keys jingling in a pocket —
 who knows what doors they open?

But you will never know,
 for only year on year
 and quiet laughter
 and a road running beyond where
 all words have ended
 could ever make it clear.

You will forget
 how it was with us, how much it mattered —
 at least to me —
 you will forget,
 save for fiery fragments scattered
 through the night of memory.

WHY PICK ON CHINA?

BY FREDA UTLEY

THE proverbial visitor from Mars, if he depended only on most of the press and recently published books, would obtain a very strange idea of the situation in the Far East. Finding China increasingly denounced as "fascist," he would doubt whether that country is our ally. If he judged by the news alone, he would conclude that Russia is on far better terms with Japan than with China; but if he based his opinion on the mass of American editorials and radio comment, he might decide that Russia is about to join the United Nations against Japan.

Unhappily, the average American is no better equipped to judge Asiatic relationships than the stranger from another planet. It has suddenly become fashionable to excoriate China, denounce the "fascist" features of her government and, in general, reprimand China for being Chinese. At the same time there is a disposition to accept all Russian actions in Asia uncritically — though it is China, not Russia, which is our ally against Japan.

Consider the Russo-Japanese agreement signed on March 30, and hailed

by Radio Tokyo as proof "that the relations between Japan and the Soviet Union are secure and stabilized." That agreement was patently helpful to the Japanese war effort in that it replaced the former one-year leases to Japan of fisheries in Soviet waters by a firm five-year agreement. Yet almost every editorial writer and commentator in the United States greeted the event as indicating, somehow, that Russia's purpose in the East is identical with ours!

True, this wishful thinking had something to feed on. In that agreement Japan surrendered her oil and coal concessions in Northern Sakhalin in return for monetary compensation and the enlarged fisheries privileges. The *Army and Navy Journal* (Washington), however, was virtually alone in recognizing the obvious fact that Japan needs proteins more urgently than oil and coal.

The assurance of fish supplies for five years, the *Journal* pointed out in its issue of April 8, represents the equivalent of the output of at least a hundred thousand farms and is thus vital help for the Japanese war effort.

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But annulment of the Sakhalin concessions, it continued, "means little in the way of loss to our enemy because of his control of the Dutch East Indies oil," which has enabled him to store vast quantities of this fuel, and because all the coal Japan needs is obtainable in Manchuria and North China.

The significant fact is that China itself shared the minority view expressed by the *Army and Navy Journal*. It was thoroughly alarmed by the fisheries agreement and developments immediately after seemed to justify Chinese misgivings.

Those developments, for the most part ignored in the United States, served to underline the superficiality or blindness of the general American verdict on the fisheries agreement.

The time element in them is particularly disturbing. Immediately after the Russo-Japanese agreement came reports that Japan had withdrawn some of her famous Kwantung Army forces from Manchuria to fight elsewhere. Later in April units of these forces were reported fighting at Chengchow in a new offensive of the greatest potential importance. Other Kwantung troops were reported to have appeared in Hankow. Recent Japanese successes along the Hankow-Canton railway carry the threat of further cutting up of invaded and blockaded China. The Japanese apparently have put more power into this drive than they have displayed in China for several years. The Chinese asked: Would Japan have dared to weaken its

Manchurian defenses without an understanding with Russia or at least a firm belief that relations were truly "secure and stabilized"?

On April 2, the Soviet government found occasion for making a strongly worded diplomatic *démarche* against China, based on frontier incidents where Sinkiang and Outer Mongolia meet. And two weeks earlier Japan had launched the spring offensive in India which has kept Allied forces there busy.

All of this may be a series of coincidences but the Chinese, having more knowledge and fewer illusions on the subject than our radio analysts, are apprehensive. Their fears are not soothed by the fact that the Soviet press has been making sharp attacks on the Chungking regime and that the American and British press, especially its "liberal" and "progressive" section, has mainly followed the Moscow line.

One might suppose that at this juncture it would be considered more vital than ever to reassure the Chinese government as to our future intentions. Instead, there has been a great flow of criticism of China, some of which may be well deserved, but most of which is unfair, one-sided and ungenerous. In the given international framework, Chinese are understandably suspicious of the source of "revelations" about the "fascist" features of their government. The suspicions are scarcely allayed by consistency with which Kuomintang policy towards Communists is cited

as the most signal proof of the "fascist trend" in China; nor by the fact that the most ardent critics of dictatorial aspects of the Chinese regime are at the same time curiously silent about similar aspects of the Soviet regime.

The propaganda which labels the Kuomintang as "fascist" and the Chinese Communists as "democratic" has gone so far that Dr. Sun Fo, son of Sun Yat Sen, recently remarked that American and British public opinion "appears as if it were less sympathetic to the Kuomintang than to the Chinese Communists who are in opposition to the Kuomintang." He mentioned views published in the *London Times*, *New York Times*, *Life*, *Time* and *Fortune* as examples.

To suppose that this is wholly accidental, or based on genuine American preferences, would establish some sort of record in political naïveté.

II

China is not, of course, a democracy and the "disillusionment" of American official and unofficial visitors is merely proof of their former illusions. There are many unsavory, reprehensible and brutal facts. It would be futile to deny that Chiang Kai-shek's government is a dictatorship of the Kuomintang Party; or that his government includes many reactionary and some fascist-minded officials.

There are at least three powerful groups of secret police, headed respectively by Chen Li-fu, Chu Chia-hua and Tai Li, spying on the thought

and conduct of both officials and civilians. There are no elections anywhere in Free China and the current Kuomintang officials, in the words of Sun Fo, regard themselves as a "ruling caste." The burdens of the war are distributed unequally; the sons of the rich often buy themselves out of the army; there is inflation; there is censorship of the press; and graft and hoarding aggravate the economic squeeze exerted on most by the long war and the almost complete blockade of China.

Many reforms, particularly agrarian reforms, are long overdue in China. The Communists have been the most vocal in agitating for them. However, much progress was made during the two or three years preceding the outbreak of hostilities with Japan on July 7, 1937; indeed, there is reason to believe that China's new-found unity and the beginning of many reforms were among the things that prompted Japan to attack when it did. The process of reform was stopped by the war emergency. It would have been a miracle if China, with its main ports and cities in the hands of the enemy and without factories to produce goods for the people, had been able to institute democratic government, abolish all the old evil practices, and change her economic and political system while resisting a powerful invader.

But after the worst is acknowledged, it should be observed that one difficulty in China's war effort is that China is *not* a totalitarian state, in

the German or Russian sense of the word. If Chiang Kai-shek had the same complete power over his country as Stalin and Hitler, he would find it easier to mobilize manpower and resources for war; easier to force the rich to sacrifice, to stop speculation and graft, enforce agrarian reforms and abolish age-old abuses.

It should be remembered that in order to keep China united against Japan, Chiang Kai-shek must balance himself on all the social and political forces; he must somehow continue to be the leader accepted by both Left and Right. His regime is of necessity a great compromise. The generalissimo has criticized both Left and Right and often has taken the skin off Kuomintang leaders for their lack of virtue.

Chinese do not resent constructive criticism and intelligent analysis of their country's situation. They have suffered in the past for the lack of it. Once there was too much romantic idealization of China. It proved harmful because a reaction was inevitable. Many of our soldiers, airmen and journalists, never having been to the Orient, were horrified by the misery of Asia. Having heard so much about the heroic resistance of the Chinese since 1937, they were shocked by corruption, inequality of sacrifice, war-weariness and the sorry condition of many soldiers.

This swing of the pendulum from idealization to disillusionment was inevitable, regardless of anti-Kuomintang propaganda. But that propaganda is a fact and there is no doubt

that much of it is Communist-inspired. This is frequently true even when the critic is not conscious of the political influences that have been brought to bear upon his mind. Fair and sympathetic criticism is one thing — it might even strengthen the hands of the democratic and liberal elements within the Kuomintang. Quite another thing is criticism that fails to take account of the government's military and economic difficulties or that rests uncritical faith upon Communist claims and legends.

Americans and Britons are in a position, from direct experience, to understand the Chinese distrust of their native Communists. To them the relation between Russia and Japan today is the same as the relation between Russia and Germany in Europe prior to June 22, 1941. Our own Communists at that time opposed national defense measures, attacked democracy, preached defeatism and put monkey-wrenches into war industry. Surely we should be able to understand if Chinese leaders today remain cautious towards a rival Chinese faction which, so far as they can judge by past actions, takes orders from a foreign power that retains seemingly friendly relations with Japan and a none-too-friendly attitude towards the Chinese Government.

The Chinese Government may be mistaken in its policy towards the Chinese Reds. Perhaps most of the Communist leaders and their troops would remain loyal to China under all circumstances, even in defiance of

Moscow's wishes. But it is hard to blame Chiang for taking no chances. In the light of what other dictatorships do with oppositions, we can at least recognize that the Kuomintang has staged no mass executions or treason trials or blood purges in these crucial war years. A large measure of restraint is evident in the fact that Chungking has treated the communist problem as a "political" and not a "military" one, and has not exposed the Communists to the world in counter-propaganda, though it possesses ample materials for such exposure.

It is one of China's tragedies that those who have been loudest in demanding essential reform are precisely the persons — Communists and their sympathizers — who are least to be trusted, on the basis of the cold record, because of the control exercised over them by a foreign power, and a foreign power which is not at war with Japan. The harder we press the Chinese Government to abandon caution in relation to native Communists, the more likely we are to strengthen the influence of reactionary elements in the government and to hurt the influence of those Chinese who prefer Western political ideals.

So irresponsible, or biased, are many of the articles on China in the American press, that they represent the Chinese Communists as doing most of the fighting against the Japanese — a totally unwarranted assumption — and have gone so far as to advocate American recognition of the Chinese Communists as a separate

government, treating Chiang Kai-shek as we have treated Mikhailovitch.

The true Chinese reformers and progressives are caught between the upper and nether millstones of reaction and communism. This is an internal Chinese affair of tremendous complexity where intrusion by muddled foreign "liberals" under communist influence can only help the reaction. It will be solved, if at all, by Chinese compromise.

III

Those whose appraisal of the Far Eastern situation is distorted by admiration for and gratitude to the Russian army, should pause to consider that China, too, has fought bravely. She fought alone for four and a half years while Britain and the United States were helping to arm Japan, whereas Russia has had allies from the first day of her war. There was no Lend-Lease for China until after Pearl Harbor and precious little afterwards on account both of our loss of Burma to Japan, and our decision to beat Hitler first — a decision which has helped save Russia. Russia has received 9½ million tons of munitions and food from the United States whereas China has received almost nothing. China has had no allies persistently bombing Japan's home islands as we have bombed Germany.

A good example of the American mentality which provides one set of

standards for Russia and another for China is at hand in a book by Leland Stowe, *They Shall Not Sleep*.

Most of what he writes about Free China probably is true — its poverty, its dictatorial government; the callousness to suffering, inflation, speculation and the rest. But it is astonishing to find him completely unaware of, or at least silent about, similar and often graver facts in Russia. The Russian soldier is well fed and equipped, in part at least because of our help, but chiefly because in Russia the soldier comes first, even if the civilian must starve. In China, with its ancient pacifist traditions, the soldier simply doesn't come first, war or no war.

As compared with the four thousand who, Stowe says, are in concentration camps in China, there are many thousands in Russia. But he never even mentions the existence of concentration camps in that country. Russia's press is totally controlled and the secret police dominate thought and action far more vigilantly and completely than in China. Yet Stowe, so critical of China, has nothing to say on this subject in Russia. Nor was he struck by the fact that in Russia, as in China, the privileged classes live and eat far better than the masses.

China watches the ambiguous relations between Russia, the ally of her allies, and Japan, the enemy of herself and of her allies. After seven years of war she is told to wait patiently for supplies and other help until the European phase of the war is ended. At the same time she finds herself

inundated by attack and abuse in the press and on the radio of her powerful allies. Soviet and Communist acts and claims, she notes, are accepted at face value wherever they conflict with the policies of the Chinese Government.

Small wonder that a feeling of despair begins to permeate Free China. The danger, from our own angle, is that this feeling may paralyze China in the present critical period. Morale is as important to China as to any other nation or government. In recent months China has taken a series of body blows that would have staggered any country less inured to tragedy. This seems the worst possible time for Americans to unleash criticism or to submit supinely to partisan propaganda.

Think of what China has had to face since March of this year: a desperately serious inflation problem which threatens to get completely out of hand. A Russian agreement with Japan that provides the enemy with immense food supplies and possibly released crack Japanese troops for action on Chinese fronts. Trouble between Chinese and Russian armed forces on the Sinkiang border, symptomatic of a condition which Russia, the Chinese fear, could use at any time as a pretext for invasion of Chinese territory. Japan's offensive in Honan province to complete her occupation of the north-south railway lines between North China and the Yangtze front. Destruction of the spring planting in the Honan grain fields and other areas overrun by the

reinforced Japanese. The discouraging sight of Japanese troops with far superior equipment pushing further south than they have ever been before on the line of the Hankow-Canton railway.

It should be obvious that heaping abuse upon the Chinese and helping to undermine their morale is of value only to Japan. It is, in fact, noteworthy that other important officials of Kuomintang have not followed Wang Ching-wei into the Japanese camp. China, with all her faults, remains our steadfast ally.

We are ourselves partly to blame for her weaknesses and vices. We have treated China as a stepchild of the United Nations, although in point of time she is senior partner.

Because of the exigencies of war-time diplomacy we are not likely to learn in the near future how successful Vice President Wallace was in composing sources of difference between Russia and China, and between the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communists. However, Wallace's mission attests a recognition in Washing-

ton that China needs encouragement.

Unless we can be more charitable and patient with Chinese leaders who have unified and kept that country at war against fantastic odds, we may create serious and permanent ill will. China may be at the lowest ebb of her fortunes just now. For that very reason we cannot afford to drive her into an attitude of antagonism towards the West, whatever Russia's interests in the matter may be.

After all, Russia is not at war with Japan. Consequently we are under neither moral nor political obligation to follow the Chinese Communist line. Whatever Stalin may lose on the swings by hostility to Chiang Kai-shek, he wins on the roundabouts by improving relations with Japan or strengthening the position of the Chinese Communists.

But we who are fighting Japan and are still very far from victory have no such advantages. Our clear duty, in sheer self-interest, is to keep and fortify the good will of the "four hundred million" present allies and future customers.



Art and Imitation—

THE imitator is a poor kind of creature. If the man who paints only the tree, or flower, or other surface he sees before him were an artist, the king of artists would be the photographer. It is for the artist to do something beyond this: in portrait painting to put on canvas something more than the face the model wears for that one day; to paint the man, in short, as well as his features. — JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER

"SWAPPING HORSES IN MIDSTREAM"

BY CAPTAIN LOWELL M. LIMPUS

THE current Presidential campaign has brought forth two major questions:

1. Is the President *really* Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces?
2. What *does* happen if we "swap horses in midstream"?

A glance at our military history furnishes considerable information on both questions. Section 2 of Article II of the Constitution says that "the President shall be Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States," as well as of the militia when called into active service. Many of our Presidents regarded themselves as actual Commanders-in-Chief and acted accordingly. They certainly didn't regard that function as any "myth," and they pointedly reminded their countrymen of their prerogatives.

Franklin D. Roosevelt didn't discover the phrase by any means, and he has plenty of precedent for using it, even during an approaching campaign. He merely follows the examples of George Washington, William Henry

Harrison, James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, Andrew Johnson and Abraham Lincoln. And he still has a long way to go to catch up with Lincoln, when it comes to exercising command functions.

President Washington actually went into the field to command the troops during the Pennsylvania Whiskey Insurrection, according to the report he made to Congress, November 19, 1794:

As Commander-in-Chief of the militia . . . when called into the actual service of the United States, I have visited the places of general rendezvous . . . to direct a plan for ulterior movements. . . . If the spirit of things had afforded reason for the continuance of my presence with the army, it would not have been forbidden. But . . . I have judged it most proper to resume my duties at the seat of Government, leaving the chief command to the Governor of Virginia.

Harrison and Taylor both specifically reminded Congress that each was the commander of the Army and Navy, and James Monroe, in a special message dated March 26, 1822, went

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into considerable detail regarding his own strategic plans for the defense of the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Polk was touchy under legislative pressure during the War with Mexico, and on July 24, 1848, he snapped back at his critics:

When Congress has declared that war exists with a foreign nation, the general laws of war apply to our situation and it becomes the duty of the President, as the Constitutional Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, to prosecute it.

But neither his predecessors nor his successors ever read into the command function the sweeping powers that Lincoln calmly assumed when he faced the crisis of Civil War. He used it to enroll troops, confiscate private property, suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* and “take possession by military force” of critical newspaper plants.

In fact, the Great Emancipator played an almost perpetual tune on that particular string of the Presidential instrument. “Now therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof . . .” is the phrase that provides the authority for Presidential Proclamations and Executive Orders galore. That was the justification for the very first one of the series, issued May 3, 1861: “I do hereby call into the service of the United States 42,034 volunteers . . . also direct that the Regular Army be increased . . . and I further direct the enlistment of

18,000 seamen”; all this without one vestige of authority from Congress.

Orders went out from the War and Navy Departments, sometimes jointly, signed by the Secretaries, “by order of the President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States,” the first one of that type announcing on January 22, 1862, the victory at Mill Springs, Kentucky, to the service at large. And on March 19, he went even further. He calmly told the nation that his decisions as commander were nobody else’s business.

“Whether it be competent for me, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy,” he began, to free any slaves as a matter of military necessity, along with other matters, “are questions which, under my responsibility, I reserve to myself.” And the Emancipation Proclamation itself was based on the same authority: “By virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States . . . and as a fit and necessary war measure.” Thus he confiscated private fortunes in slaves.

Furthermore, Lincoln actually ran the armies. He dictated tactics as well as strategy, juggled commanders about freely and relieved them brusquely when he thought it advisable. He never hesitated to give direct military orders. Witness this one, issued May 18, 1864, in a campaign year:

MAJOR-GEN. JOHN A. DIX,
Commanding at New York.

Whereas there has been wickedly and traitorously printed and published this

morning in the *New York World* and *New York Journal of Commerce* . . . a false and spurious proclamation . . . designed to give aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States . . . you are therefore hereby commanded forthwith to arrest and imprison in any fort or military prison . . . the editors, proprietors and publishers of the aforesaid newspapers and all such persons [as may reprint the story later]. You will also take possession by military force of the printing establishments of the *New York World* and *Journal of Commerce* and hold the same until further orders and prohibit any further publication thereof.

A. LINCOLN.

That's the way Lincoln functioned as Commander-in-Chief, and it is only a mild example. Space is lacking to go into details, but the fact that he claimed virtually unlimited war powers as supreme commander is very plain. He told Congress so in his message of July 4, 1861, justifying his illegal actions: "No choice was left but to call out the war powers of the government," and he was even more explicit in his letter to a group of Ohio Democrats, as cited by George Fort Milton in his illuminating work on *Abraham Lincoln and the Fifth Column*.

In this letter, dated June 29, 1863, Lincoln wrote that the "question who shall decide . . . what the public safety does require in cases of rebellion or invasion" is contemplated by the Constitution which, however, "does not expressly declare who is to decide it. By necessary implication . . . the decision is to be made from time to time; and I think the man

whom, for the time, the people have, under the Constitution, made the Commander-in-Chief of their Army and Navy is the man who holds the power and bears the responsibility for making it."

Lincoln's phraseology was adopted by his successor, and on June 21, 1865, we find a proclamation, appointing a governor of Georgia, emanating from the White House and beginning: "Whereas the President of the United States is by the Constitution made Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, . . . therefore, in obedience to the high and solemn duties imposed on me by the Constitution, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, do appoint . . ." *et. cetera*.

We could continue these citations, but they already seem sufficient to dispose of the theory that the command function is a "myth."

II

Now about "swapping horses in midstream." Military history reveals that we *have* swapped horses — and we changed them three times in crossing one stream. The Presidents in question were Jackson, Van Buren, W. H. Harrison and Tyler and the stream was the Second Seminole War, of 1835–1842. Neither can it be discounted as "just another cheap little Indian war." It was an Indian War all right — but it wasn't little and it certainly

wasn't cheap. It was, in fact, the longest, hardest and *bloodiest* war we ever fought. It cost us far more lives, in proportion to the troops engaged — and we had to engage an astonishing number of them before we got through with it. It raged for seven years and presents a striking counterpart to many aspects of the present situation.

It began with a treacherous, unprovoked attack, launched by a savage foe. Osceola was the Hirohito of 1835 and the Dade Massacre was his Pearl Harbor. It, too, convulsed the country — and was followed by attacks from two other Indian nations. (Osceola even had an Axis to help him.) We recovered rapidly from the first onslaught and carried the fight to the foe for a year or two.

Then Andrew Jackson failed to run for a third term and we had to swap horses in midstream — the first of the three changes — one of which brought the opposition party into power. As a result the War was directed by four Presidents, four different Secretaries of War, two successive Commanders-in-Chief of the Army and seven separate commanders of the field forces. Serving under the four Presidents were Secretaries Cass, Poinsett, Bell and Spencer; Commanders-in-Chief Macomb and Scott; Theatre Commanders Clinch, Scott, Call, Jessup, Taylor, Armistead and Worth. (Scott and Clinch each held the field command twice and Macomb himself took charge of one campaign, making ten different shifts in all.)

One President (Van Buren) kept

his predecessor's Secretary of War most of his term, but the field commanders were changed five times during this period. When the Whig Party came to power, there was a new Secretary immediately, a new field commander within three months and a new commander-in-chief within four.

During the juggling of commands which attended the various changes, the war went from bad to worse and two of America's outstanding soldiers (Winfield Scott and Zachary Taylor) drew the serious fire of political opponents, each episode occurring when the generals were serving under a President of the opposite political faith. Scott was ordered tried for his alleged failure in Florida, but was later vindicated. The Missouri legislature voted a recommendation that Taylor be cashiered, because one of his official reports reflected on militiamen from that state. He, too, was upheld by his military superiors and, like Scott, survived to win fame in the Mexican War.

Nevertheless, it is impossible for the impartial historian to affix the blame for the mixups that attended the conflict, as far as the change of administrations is concerned. Perhaps it would have been different if Jackson had remained in office — and perhaps it wouldn't. After all, it was Jackson who preferred the charges against the capable Scott and pressed them as long as he was able to do so. It seems probable, however, that swapping horses in this particular stream did *not* speed up the end of the war, and the fact is

undeniable that the situation grew perceptibly worse after each change.

What does happen when we do swap horses? There is every indication that it means replacing certain key members of a smoothly working and highly organized military team. They include the Secretaries of War and Navy, half a dozen assistant secretaries and a score or more of experienced civilian aides. All of these men have learned how to cooperate with the various generals and admirals who constitute their opposite numbers in the service. (A striking example is the Somervell-Patterson combination, which has gotten such excellent industrial production results.)

The President himself is of course, the captain of the entire team and he functions on two levels. As head of the nation he decides global political strategy in conference with the heads of other nations. As Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces he chooses between alternative combat programs submitted by military, naval and air chiefs. He also acts as umpire between them and his civilian subordinates in the departments.

The idea of non-interference — leaving the running of the war to the professional experts — simply has no validity. The experts don't always agree. There are times when the Army

wants to do one thing, the Navy another and the Air Force still a third. Somebody has to make a decision — choose one of the plans submitted — order it carried into effect. And that somebody is the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy.

When he makes his decision, in the light of his experience with the various commanders supporting each recommendation, he then has to see that the plan chosen is carried out loyally and efficiently by the entire team. And he cannot evade the responsibility of choosing the commanders who are charged with carrying it out.

Presidents have always had to exercise that function — with varying results. Washington chose "Mad Anthony" Wayne to fight an Indian war; John Adams chose Washington for a threatened conflict with France; Madison chose half a dozen failures in the War of 1812; four Presidents made ten spotty selections in the Seminole War; Polk chose Scott and Taylor for the Mexican campaigns; Lincoln tried repeatedly before he found Grant to finish the Civil War; McKinley made excellent choices in the Spanish-American War; Wilson picked Pershing for the First World War; Roosevelt has given us Marshall, MacArthur, Arnold, Eisenhower, Stilwell, King and Nimitz in this one.



THE law will never make men free; it is men who have got to make the law free. They are the lovers of law and order who observe the law when the government breaks it.

— HENRY DAVID THOREAU

INSIDE THE STORK CLUB

By RUSSELL WHELAN

THE Stork Club in New York is America's most famous night club. It is also a sort of rose arbor for gilded youth, a Cheshire Cheese for the solvent intelligentsia, a town pump for Park Avenue clubwomen, a subject of fond dreams in Fortresses and foxholes, an irresistible lure to visiting firemen, a place to have a drink, and a tidy business venture for Sherman Billingsley, Sole Prop.

The Stork is where the Glamour Girl was invented; where Walter Winchell nightly covers a beat; where every other beverage order is for Scotch and soda; where a bottle of Coca Cola costs 85 cents; where a cigarette girl once got a \$2000 tip; where the coatroom concession nets \$50,000 a year, or enough to pay the rent three times over; where Hollywood royalty meets "Café Society" and where in one month the customers stole 1600 inscribed ash trays costing 60 cents each.

Being all these things and many more the fundamental fact remains that, like Dirty Gertie's in Galveston or the Bucket of Blood in Cicero, the

Stork is simply one more drink-dine-and-dance place run for profit. Then why has it become an institution instead of just another joint, an institution of such prestige that Paramount Pictures recently paid \$100,000 simply for the use of its name as a movie title?

The easy answer is simply because it has probably received more free advertising of a favorable nature than all its competitors put together. But the true reason seems to lie in the skill of its management, a skill manifested equally in securing all that free advertising as well as in making the place live up to most of its notices. The single fact that the Stork has survived and prospered for ten years at the same address in this most precarious and ephemeral business, in which the mortality rate is 90 per cent a year, supports the diagnosis. So does an examination of the management in action. It is a little like watching Farragut on the bridge to observe Billingsley on the job, his roving blue eyes noting a hundred details of service and conduct, the waiters and captains slithering up

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with messages or whispered questions, the orders quickly and quietly issued, the ship held steady on its course through the night.

What are the messages that hit the bridge? Well, here's a ten minute sampling: A Hollywood star with lady has just checked his hat; what table for him? Two chefs are threatening to behead each other. An unknown is calling long distance from Maryland to determine whether Billingsley wants to buy a farm. Leonard Lyons is ready for his nightly gin rummy game with the Boss. A man is calling from Kansas City, wants Mr. Billingsley to speak to his girl friend to prove auld acquaintance. One of the belligerent chefs has fainted. A lady requests Mr. B's autograph. Two British sailors want to know if they can just walk through the place and go right out. A Washington statesman and party are arriving, slightly high. And so on and on.

Billingsley's old friend, Steve Hannagan, the tub-thumper for Miami Beach, Sun Valley, Coca Cola, the Indianapolis Speedway and sundry others, explains his success tersely: "Hell," says Steve, "the whole thing is, the guy works!" Hannagan, Lucius Beebe and other experts agree, too, that Billingsley, before the drink on the house became illegal, had developed that almost lost art to a sublime perfection. Where other commercial hosts were known to "buy" only when stunned by a great natural cataclysm, virtually every day used to be Armistice Day at the Stork.

Billingsley knew that you could not offend a Warburton or a Jones by wheeling free champagne to his elbow. And he has yet to meet the lady (or her escort) who openly resents the silken delivery of a bottle of perfume with his card. No one is bound to secrecy regarding these benefactions, and some ladies have been known to mention them outside the Stork. They feel awful if other ladies reply that they also have received Mr. B's card and cargoes, but never awful enough not to try their luck again.

Steve Hannagan is popularly supposed to be the Stork's press agent. Steve denies it, but Billingsley smiles and says: "I guess Steve has done more work for me for nothing than he has for any of his multi-million dollar clients. It just seemed to happen somehow."

It also happened somehow that many of Winchell's fifteen million readers and listeners have come to confuse the Stork with the Elysian Fields; that no New York "deb" considers herself officially "out" until she has held court under Billingsley's auspices; and that the crush of celebrities come to stare at other celebrities is sometimes so thick that hypersensitive customers long out loud for the sight of one dear unfamiliar face.

II

The non-drinker and non-smoker who has made the place what it is, began his life in North Enid, Oklahoma, and as a youth moved to larger opportuni-

ties in Andarko. When he visited his old pals in the latter metropolis a few years ago, a single vivid episode pictured for Billingsley the vast chasm he had bridged between the sagebrush and Fifth Avenue. After dining in a roadhouse, he paid his check and dropped a dollar bill on the table. The waitress glared at it and glared at him. "What's that fer?" she demanded.

For several years Billingsley worked with his older brothers in cigar and drug stores which they operated first in Andarko, and later in a variety of towns. One day he woke up in Detroit as the sole boss of three neighborhood groceries. Next he ran some drug stores in the Bronx and branched out into real estate. Billingsley Terrace near Tremont and University Avenues in the Bronx, New York, is a monument to that final endeavor before he found his true niche and jumped into it head-first. He opened his first Stork Club in 1929 on 58th Street near Sixth Avenue in Manhattan. The place was quiet, tastefully done, and stocked with the best liquors and wines obtainable in those frenetic days. But it wasn't quiet enough to escape the attention of prohibition agents, who were delighted to find that their host had decorated the place with a gallery of mirrors and other attractive breakables, including the shining glassware on the backbar. The bulls smashed everything in sight.

The year 1932 saw the Stork at 51st and Park Avenue and already

solid with the sixteen-cylinder trade. Repeal brought new worlds of opportunity and the need for a larger place, and he opened up behind the now familiar green canopy in East 53rd just off Fifth Avenue. He applied his platinum touch to the interior, he ransacked his own brains and rummaged for ideas in the friendly cerebra of Winchell, Hannagan and other cronies, and the Stork was baptized with champagne for a guest list of one thousand, carefully culled, screened and sifted from Park Avenue and Broadway. The lady guests squealed over the mirrors and lovely fresh-cut flowers and the dream of a powder room stocked with ten varieties of twelve-dollar-an-ounce perfume. The male customers encountered everybody they knew and everyone they wanted to know and everything their hearts desired in meat and drink. Except for occasional interludes devoted to business and their families, some of the boys have been there ever since.

City editors and society editors soon realized that to track down certain types of stories the Stork Club was the first port of call. The more imaginative reporters early established the practice of covering *all* stories, from riots in Harlem to ruckuses at City Hall, while weathering the air-conditioned breezes at the Stork bar. The working press likes Billingsley because he never hints that his hospitality is an advance payment for value expected. Billingsley likes the press because its members make bright companions, and because

he knows that "the boys" have helped to lift the Stork to its present proud perch, and to keep it there. He also appreciates that few journalists can afford to pay 85 cents for Stork Club cokes or highballs steadily without jeopardy to health and work. He wants the newspapers to keep on publishing, so he pays for many a drink out of his pocket, on the spot.

III

Naturally, he does not leave to chance and his list of friends the entire job of maintaining and building up the Stork's prestige and pulling power with the solvent citizenry. In addition to the legion of voluntary praise agents, he has a more objective and industrious crew of publicity men and women pouring out notices and photographs. They also get out the *Stork Club News* every now and then to a mailing list that rivals Who's Who.

His public relations strategy has been masterly. To festoon the place with dewy loveliness (as Hannagan says, "to make the customers his floor show") he helped to invent the Glamour Girl. This entailed selecting a dozen or so of the Season's most photogenic and popular "debs" and advising them that they and their swains could expect gentle treatment from his totalizer. Simultaneously he went after the boys in the Ivy League set by advertising in their college publications and paying for the space with due-bills on the Stork. The boys

and girls came a-running, and soon, to Mr. B's deep delight, their blue-blood elders dropped around for an inspection, sniffed, liked what they sniffed, and continued as regulars.

The Stork already had the cream of Broadway and Hollywood. Blue-blood and cream mixed nicely, and over all hovered Mr. Winchell, Leonard Lyons and their syndicated rivals telling the world every day about the gaudy doin's of a brand new social stratum . . . Café Society. The Stork's major rival, El Morocco, gave such stiff competition that this new social stratum practically shuttled between the two. El Morocco defeated the Stork in one shining detail—the zebra stripings that make such a distinctive background for photographs. Billingsley and his friends converged on the problem of excelling this trademark, but the best idea they ever evolved was the black ash tray inscribed with *Stork Club* in white letters. This registered well for the camera, but unfortunately was easily portable. Only the other day Mr. B's busy brain was tinkering with the idea of a glass figurine flower holder in the shape of a stork—a figurine with so many sharp points as to be uncomfortable if concealed about the person.

"The Cub Room," the Stork's sanctum sanctorum for select guests, was established some years ago for those who value privacy highly; or who don't want to dance or look at dancers, or be disturbed by music while playing gin rummy, or be stared at

by the ordinary folks who come to the Stork — and get in, if there's room and if they look clean and solvent. (About 2500 persons come into the Stork on a good day for a drink or a bite.)

On a typical evening the Cub Room may house such personalities as Robert Benchley, Ann Sheridan, Grace Moore, Arleen Whelan, Brenda Frazier Kelly, James W. Gerard, Cole Porter, J. Edgar Hoover, one or more of the White House Roosevelts on leave from a warfront, George Jean Nathan and a stray Astor or Vanderbilt. There usually are a couple of games of gin rummy in progress. A table or two may be entertained by card tricks performed by Jack Spooner, a large, healthy and happy ex-Marine who is headwaiter of the Cub Room. Otherwise its clientele are intent upon themselves or their neighbors.

Through an aisle flanked by cabinets holding brandies and champagnes of fabulous years a wanderer may enter the "Loners' Room," a white-and-red-checked tablecloth retreat arranged primarily for men without feminine companionship. A stairway leads to the "Blessed Events Room," scene of private celebrations, and also to the barber shop and the chamber formerly known as the Stork Athletic Club. This developed from a midnight agreement among some male regulars that they weren't getting enough exercise and wouldn't unless "Sherm" rendered it practically painless.

Early in the game Steve Hannagan delivered this dictum to Billingsley:

"One good fight a year is swell for a night club. After that, look out for the law of diminishing returns."

Billingsley has steadily discouraged and sometimes exiled those customers, male and female, who love to throw a punch. He complains, not bitterly, that the newspapers blow up harmless little fracas in the Stork to full-size brawls. He cites the occasion when Ernest Hemingway, a notorious worshipper of muscle, including his own, became annoyed at a slap on the back from a convivial stranger. Hemingway, says Mr. B, merely brushed the fellow aside, but in his fall the fellow upset three chairs and a table.

"The papers made it a first page fist fight," smiles Billingsley. "It was just a case of Hemingway not knowing his own strength."

Nevertheless, his publicity department is on the job when such set-tos occur. Johnny Weismuller co-starred with a Navy lieutenant named Cameron McRae Winslow, Jr., in another Stork "battle." Johnny, replete with Tarzan hair-do, accused Lieut. Winslow of applying a lighted cigarette end to the clothes of dancers passing his table. Winslow advised Johnny to "go get a haircut." Mrs. Winslow seconded this, adding "and go on back to Hollywood with the other apemen." Winslow wound up with two black eyes, which he said he suffered when Johnny swung while Johnny's friends pinioned his arms. Johnny denied having lifted a finger, much less a fist. "I cannot afford to get in jams," said Mr. Weismuller of Hollywood.

George White of the *Scandals* and Sid Solomon of the Central Park Casino met toe-to-toe one night. Lewis Lawes, former warden of Sing Sing, and Dick Maney, the Broadway press agent, tangled in an argument over the conviction of Jimmy Hines. The late Joe Jacobs, manager of Pugilist Max Schmeling, once practiced his client's art on a Stork doorman. But true to Hannagan's prescription, the Stork has averaged only about one well-publicized fight each year.

The most renowned banishment from the place was that of Harold Ross, editor of the *New Yorker* magazine, after he had printed a vinegary study of Walter Winchell. The place has never been big enough to hold the two since. Billingsley is frequently sued for refusing admittance to known troublemakers, but he accepts that as a trade hazard. He dashes into court himself for only one reason — to protect his vested interest in the magical name, the Stork Club. Thus far he has been able to discourage imitators. He treasures the memory of Ernest Hemingway telephoning from Miami Beach to advise that a spurious "Stork" had just opened its doors there, with an "S. Billingsley" advertised as proprietor. "I'll have this phony closed or exposed in twenty-four hours," promised Hemingway. "You won't need a lawyer." The next day Hemingway reported that he had sunk the spurious "Stork" with all on board, merely by shaking his fist and his wonderful new whiskers in the face of the Miami Beach Billingsley.

Late in July Billingsley was talking fight in unaccustomed tones. The Stork was on the front pages, propelled thereon by an accusation that it was delinquent to the tune of \$181,029 in New York City sales taxes and penalties. Mayor LaGuardia threatened to sell the place at public auction, if payment in full was not forthcoming immediately. Park Avenue and Beverly Hills café society shuddered at the thought. Billingsley said he would fight the mayor to the Supreme Court of the United States.

IV

One look at the Stork's interior establishes Billingsley's love of mirrors and flowers. Flowers fresh-cut are on every table and all along the bar. A few bar habitués, sick of the blooms that obscured their view, recently tried to discourage Mr. B's passion for horticulture by drenching his flowers in equal parts of Scotch, rye, and gin and simultaneously suffusing them with tobacco smoke. These measures failing to impress either the flowers or their sponsor, Charles Myron Clegg, Jr., shouldered the brunt of the campaign by nibbling angrily at the gladioli affronting him until he had devoured the entire bouquet. The next day, however, fresh gladioli bloomed along the bar, a thing that cannot be said of Mr. Clegg.

Statistics fanciers may like to know that the Stork did a million and a quarter dollars gross business in 1943 and is expected to exceed that figure

this year. The net is nobody's business.

There are 200 employés on the weekly payroll. The weekly laundry bill is \$600. The Stork seats 374 people at a time, 100 of them at tables grouped around the 20 x 15 feet dance floor. There is a redecorating expense of around \$25,000 every six months.

Breakage and theft aggregate \$25,000 a year. Once Mr. B's guests, not to mention himself, were annoyed by a series of thefts and pocket-pickings, obviously "inside" jobs. Mr. B sleuthed a little, decided on his suspect, and left a note in the man's pocket which read: "Joe, please don't take any more money." The crime wave stopped. Rubber checks cost the house about \$15,000 a year and are another expected hazard. If you are thinking of holding up the place some lush evening, you ought to know that the intake flows out to a depository every hour, so there is never a fortune in cash to be plucked.

Helen Morgan spent \$3000 in one evening to entertain some theatrical co-workers, a record-breaking check that was matched one stormy night when Dan Topping, finding the place in the doldrums, declared a champagne supper for the help. As the staff numbers 200 persons, of whom a good many were on hand, this made quite a party. Once a check for \$2000 was given as a tip to a cigarette girl by a grinning stranger who suggested that she divide it with her sister-vendor. The girls disliked the joke, decided to tear up the check, decided

not to, put it through the bank and were hysterically happy that they did. The tipper was the late Duncan McMartin, an Anaconda Copper heir.

Dining on the Stork's cuisine is strictly *à la carte*. If you can afford the more expensive items on a lengthy dinner menu, here is a typical line of march: Crab Meat Cocktail, 95¢; Petite Marmite Henry, IV, 50¢; Broiled Royal Squab, Casanova, \$2.50; Monte Cristo Salad, \$1.55; oyster baby asparagus, 85¢; broccoli, 85¢; Lyonnaise potatoes, 45¢; meringue glacé, \$1.00; café diable, \$1.10. There you are, your strength restored for only \$9.75, exclusive of the tip and, of course, drinks. Your pre-dinner cocktails or highballs would have cost 85¢ each; and if you had desired to top off the feast in grand style, you could have had a thrilling joust with some of the house's prized 77-year-old Justerini and Brooks fine liqueur brandy at \$4.00 per glass. Food prices advance roughly 10 per cent for the supper trade, from 9:30 P.M. to 4 A.M. closing, and recede the same distance for luncheon.

The only time on record when the Stork was unable to fill a food order was when Walter Winchell asked for bologna and eggs. Andy Gray, Mr. B's brother-in-law and head marketer, added that item the next day. One of Billingsley's fortunate innovations was his *crêpes suzette* special at \$2.50. Why anyone should want to waste good liqueurs by igniting them to form a burning ghat for anemic pancakes is mystifying indeed; but the youngsters

went for the bargain so ecstatically that on football nights the place resembled a torchlight procession on election eve.

Winchell and Hannagan are the only guests whose names are currently attached to favorite dishes on the menu. Walter is sponsor of Chicken Hamburger at \$2.00 and Steve's name is appended to the *aiguillette* of duckling with oranges and black cherries at \$2.25. Winchell never misses a night at the Stork when he is in Manhattan. Neither does Leonard Lyons, his most widely read columnar rival. Each has his own stable of informers among the regulars and they never seem to get in each other's hair or way. For Lyons the Stork is one of a dozen nocturnal stops. For Winchell it is general headquarters, home-from-home, and happy hunting ground.

V

Billingsley's labor troubles were unveiled in 1938 after he had fired nine waiters. The New York State Labor Board heard his charges, which included filching drinks, self-manicuring while on duty, and Sicilian breath. The evidence indicated that the ordinary Stork waiter received \$25 a month in salary and averaged \$50 a week in tips. Actually, Billingsley contended, they average over \$100 a week on tips. But he and they now consider what they make is their business. In a place where spending \$5.00 bills is as casual a matter as dropping nickels in the subway stiles, waiting

should be a very good business indeed.

Billingsley, like Ty Cobb, Walter Hagen and other winners, loves competition now. An unfriendly rival once unearthed an "angel" with unlimited cash and confidence, whereupon the rival brashly announced that he was about to put the Stork among the also-rans.

"The fellow only outsmarted himself," recalls Billingsley. "He put in a floor show one hour long that cost him six to ten thousand a week. He ran three shows a night during which not a drink or a food order could be sold. So he lost three whole hours of business and he never knew what hit him."

The Stork keeps tickling its cash registers, without interruption, from 12 noon to 4 o'clock the next morning, 365 days of each year. There is no floor show. Mr. B used to have a "name" singer, Lita Grey Chaplin and Earl Sande, the ex-jockey, having performed for him, but now he confines his entertainment to two bands: a rumba and a "straight" group which alternate for dancing. Significantly, the music never stops. There is action every second if you feel like dancing. The high Federal tax cut him out of considerable dance trade, people evidently figuring that if they had to pay the tax they might better get a free vaudeville show thrown in, but he says that increased bar and food business balanced the intake fairly well.

At luncheon he is usually host to several groups of society women con-

vened to lay plans for some promotion of the public weal. He is often on the job right on through the mid-afternoon lag, the cocktail hour, early dinner, late dinner, supper and early morning breakfast. On the rare occasions when he absents himself for a while, the place functions smoothly enough under his assistant, Billy Rear-don, former professional dancer.

Music is the only thing Billingsley wants to disturb the Stork's quiet. He hates ordinary noise and never lets his staff forget it. A printed notice on the employees' bulletin board for July 10 read:

TO ALL EMPLOYEES

I notice that some employees talk very loudly at the Bar and in the Dining Rooms. Please do not do this any more. Talk very low to each other and always be quiet.

We know who has the necktie, so that person had better return it immediately.

SHERMAN BILLINGSLEY

That magnificent non-sequitur of the second paragraph represented the Boss's frenzied efforts to recover a beautiful new tie he had just bought himself the day before.

Each pay envelope also bears printed advices from headquarters. For instance:

All employees must be nice to customers with whom they come in contact. We must never permit a single customer to leave the Stork dissatisfied, regardless of the profit to the house or the tips to the employees. All customers must leave the Club with a satisfied

feeling so that they will have a good word for us ever after.

Billingsley is the diametric opposite of the genial rubicund mine host of legend. His resemblance to Charles A. Lindbergh has often been noted. The resemblance, if any, ends right there. Although he speaks softly and seems sensitive and shy enough to be mistaken for a well-heeled poet (by those who don't know poets) there is a gleam in his eye which tells you that Mr. B is having a helluva good time, nearly all the time. But he would be unrecognizable as the boss were it not for the demands of the Farragut-on-the-bridge routine. One old friend recalls that "Sherm" used to strive for unobtrusiveness by conferring with his staff only by signal. A tug at an ear lobe would mean free food and drink for certain arrivals. A scratch of the sideburns might put in motion a genteel bum's rush. But Mr. B sometimes flashed such signals when he didn't intend to, with the result that prized patrons occasionally got the brush-off while the house was being turned inside out to entertain complete goons.

Billingsley does have a home life. He is married to a Follies beauty of the Florenz Ziegfeld era named Hazel Donnelly. They live at a correct Park Avenue address and their two daughters, aged eighteen and nine, attend a fashionable private school. In the event that it is possible to scoop Walter Winchell in, of all places, the Stork, it should be reported that another Billingsley is expected.

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

On Salvaging Nature

IN the newspapers and magazines, these days, there is published a deal of matter concerning the vital importance of conservation. Some of the material is prepared and released by the Office of War Information; some of it is adapted therefrom by writers; a little of it is spontaneously written by individuals who have spe-

cial knowledge in the field and who feel it a duty to publicize conservation's urgency.

This spate of writing about conservation is all to the good. But most of it is primarily concerned either with the huge and clearly war-linked aspects of nature-conservation — petroleum resources, for example — or



Pine Marten

Frank Utpatel

with the day-to-day Home Front kinds of "conservation" which every citizen ought to practice: conserving of automobile tires, household fats, tin cans, bottle-tops, or whatever sort of rare and dwindling manufactured product. Every bit of this publicization is important and desirable; for the nonwastage of national petroleum resources *is* a necessity of the utmost gravity; and the little frittering away of rubber that occurs whenever a citizen goes motoring unnecessarily *can* mount up, if enough citizens are careless in this way, to something like a national catastrophe.

But there is another kind of conservation, the need of which is not publicized as these are, for it is not clearly war-linked. It is the conservation, simply, of the American outdoors: of the birds and mammals and fish and forests and rushing streams and all the other things that make up the American wild scene. It is the preservation of ivory-billed woodpeckers, the adequate protection of wild ducks, the ensurance that no towering pine shall be carelessly or greedily felled for timber when other sources are available.

Conservation in this sense is considerably preached, and even considerably practised, by Americans in times of peace. But now in a day of desperate war — war which must be prosecuted "totally" — there easily comes forgetfulness. There comes the mood: "After all, everything should be subordinated to the waging of the war shouldn't it?" From such a mood

of fighting patriotism, in itself admirable, it is unhappily a very short step to easing up on the restrictions against water-pollution by the dyes or other chemicals from factories. It is a very short step to slashing down certain virgin Californian forests, without pausing to ponder very critically whether the needed lumber may not be procurable without despoiling a wilderness so ancient, so solemnly lovely, so haunted with the Eden-dream. It is no step at all to get to thinking: "What difference does it make, in a time like this, in a war to the death, whether some rivers and streams get polluted and some fish get killed? We want timber, and we want it fast, and lots of it, and we can't stop to sentimentalize about spoiling a forest. Let the ducks take care of themselves as best they can. We're busy taking care of Japanese and Germans. If the ivory-billed woodpecker is in danger of becoming extinct . . . well, let it become extinct. The thing we are concentrating on is the extinction of the Axis."

It is understandably easy for this mood to occur. Indeed, it is nearly inevitable that it should. In a time of passionately hot devotion to the total prosecution of a total war, there does perhaps seem something a little absurd, a little trivial-minded, in stopping to worry about the fate of the woodland caribou, or the gigantic condor that is vanishing from the west, or the menaced California forests where grow trees that were towering ancients in the day of Jesus of Naz-

areth. These issues may not seem very substantial things with which to concern ourselves, in a time when (as this is written) we have no more than a foothold on the soil of France, and are moving from Pacific island to Pacific island, against the Japanese, with a necessarily fearful slowness and a ghastly toll of lives.

But it is a short view, a war-excited view, to brush aside as trivial the conservation of any aspect of the American outdoors. The conservation of petroleum is clearly and evidently linked to the war. But so, more subtly but none the less surely, is the conservation of trout, trees, meadows, mountains, and every whooping crane and roseate spoonbill. There are two reasons why. The first is simply practical and statistical. The second, so to put it, is a matter of the human spirit and the human heart.

II

The first argument runs drearily enough, in more senses than one. It is to be stated simply by citing what has happened, historically, to the American outdoors whenever we have been thoughtless or careless, or over-avid for quick gain. It is to be stated by references, perhaps, to the Dust Bowl; or perhaps references to such fabulous facts as that, through glutinous forestry and overgrazing and erosion, some three hundred million acres of this land have been brought to ruin; or possibly by reference to the terrible statistics that tell how

over a hundred million acres of our sometime woodland have been subjected, in this or that rush of exploitation, to such violent and unthinking assault that nothing now, unless planned and systematic replanting, can ever make them productive again. All these citations make tedious reading; and they have been pointed to before. It is not necessary to detail everything here again. It is enough to ask: Where are the martens that once lived in the eastern woods from Labrador to Virginia? What of the mountain lion and the bighorn sheep, the sea otters, the pinnated grouse and the trumpeter swans? It is enough to answer: They are gone now, or going.

There are practical statistics — row on row of volumes of them — to say what losses like these have meant to us in dollars and cents. A good forest has a worth computable to the decimal. The fur-bearing mammals have a value expressible in as strictly economic terms as the value of diamonds. The asset of our wild birds has been worked out by patient ecologists to sets of figures that would convince an actuary.

But though all this is true, and though a woodland or a pasture or a bird or a wild animal can be translated into banker's language to persuade the ledger-minded, that is perhaps not the most important reason why, in the middle of a war, we should be scrupulous in our preservation of the American outdoors. The second reason is a better one: the one

that has to do with quite another kind of values.

The American man, unless there is something wrong with him, is a devoted outdoorsman. He has always been. Fishing, hunting, camping, enjoying in whatever way the forests and streams and fauna of his land: these have always been a profound delight to him. All men everywhere, of course, have a responsiveness, in the depths of their being, to the outdoors and the wild; for all of us, whether we sit in a skyscraper office or a city apartment, are still animals, and the smell of Spring earth or the bark of a fox can stir us as penned geese are stirred when they hear the migrating honkers pass overhead on rushing wings in their wild, sweet freedom. But Americans have the feeling of nature-closeness particularly. We have it because only yesterday we were frontiersmen in a wilderness. We have it because the Indian deeply tintured our culture with his forest-culture, only yesterday. The men of America love animal-lore and woods-lore; they love to swap yarns about it. Though we are not, as a people, notably religious in any formal churchly sense, our kinship with the outdoors has given us a rooted feeling — ill-articulated, dim, but not to be destroyed by any wind of doctrine — of the Great Spirit, the Great Mystery, that pervades the twilight hemlock-forest and instructs the fox. We have

been given strength, perhaps more than we know, by this earthly-mystical point of view that is a deep-sunk taproot in the American soil.

A great part of a whole generation of young American manhood is now overseas, in battle. They will want, and will wholeheartedly deserve, many things when they come home again. They will want work, a decent social order, a recognition of what they have been through. They will also want — nor is it only a guess to say so — an outdoors at least as clean and flourishing as when they left. They will want to get back to the American earth: to take the old fishing gear from the closet and dust it off and set out for some shaded, swirling pool where the trout are. They will want, most urgently, to take up the gun of peacetime instead of the gun of war. They will want, in their weariness and for the cure of the wounds of the spirit, just to enter the healing place that is a forest, and stand in silence and aloneness there, and be renewed.

It is no guess. It is a message that soldiers of all kinds and ranks have sent to the present writer. A fighting man does not necessarily devote his dreams to pin-up girls. He has a better dream: the dream of his outdoors at home. The preservation of that outdoors has been botched and violated often enough in the past. This time, we might remind ourselves, we hold the outdoors as a trust.



THE LIBRARY

Laski's Wave of the Future

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

NOTHING fails like defeat. So at the present stage of the war there would seem to be little danger that anyone would regard Hitler's national socialism or the deflated Italian fascism as a predestined inevitability, as a wave of the future.

But the war that promises to eliminate these two forms of the totalitarian state has not rid the world of the totalitarian idea and practice. For the Soviet Union remains, stronger than ever and unregenerate in its adherence to the superstate as a principle and as a way of life. It is prospectively one of the victorious Big Three and indicates a clear intention to collect rather more than its share of the spoils of victory.

For people enamored of limitless organized force, yearning to immerse themselves in some wave of the future, Stalin's régime therefore offers the only great temptation that still remains. It is a temptation to which the most diverse kinds of people are yielding with mystical abandon — intellectuals tired of thinking, American industrialists with a yen for economic suicide, politicians who worship power and success *per se*, simple souls

seeking some shortcut to "security."

The illogic of their assumptions is now found brilliant rhetorical expression in a book pretentiously titled *Faith, Reason and Civilization*,¹ by the British left winger, Harold J. Laski. Despite the title, it not merely eschews reason but glories in defying it. I know of nothing written by prophets of the fascist or Nazi religions more disdainful of facts, more self-righteous in its obscurantism than this volume. Where earlier literary justifications of the Soviet variant of totalitarianism, such as the books of the Webbs and the mixed-up Dean of Canterbury, misrepresented the Russian facts, Dr. Laski ignores them. His method is that of name-calling — elegantly phrased, but name-calling all the same: "honorific catchwords to describe nearly everything connected with Russian communism and invidious catchwords to describe democratic capitalism," as Henry Hazlitt puts it in the *New York Times*.

To call the Soviet régime totalitarian is not a matter of argument or polemics. It is a mere statement of political scientific fact. Totalitarian-

¹ \$2.50. Viking.

ism is a new type of government which emerged during the interval between the two World Wars. It possesses a number of distinctive and easily identifiable features. Among these are a supposedly infallible leader and a single legal political party, a streamlined form of administration in which there is no effective legislative or judicial check on the executive authority, a complete absence of civil and personal liberties, and intensive propaganda carried on through all the agencies of an omnipotent terror state. No one familiar with the nature of Stalin's régime can doubt that it conforms to these essential conditions.

Dr. Laski has for long been a sympathetic apologist for Soviet totalitarianism, although in the past he has injected some element of doubt and reservation into his eulogies of Soviet conditions. In this latest work that note of doubt and reservation is almost completely muted. His faith leaves no margin for scientific skepticism. He now stands committed to the proposition that Stalinite communism is the wave of the future, not only for Russia, but also for the whole world. He compares its sweep and power with the sweep and power of early Christianity. He foresees for Stalin's curious version of communism a victory over liberal capitalism as thorough and decisive as that of Christianity over paganism.

Indeed one of the central ideas of Laski's book is the alleged similarity between the broken, decaying world of paganism in the first centuries of

the Christian era and the broken, decaying world of capitalism which he sees in our own time. The people of the Soviet Union, in his opinion, "have the right to a hope which, in the end, outdistances that of any other people." The "regeneration of values" which he conceives as an outstanding need of our time is, Dr. Laski concludes, "more likely to be secured in our own age by the central idea of the Russian Revolution than by any alternative principle we are in a position to choose."

II

Laski's book seems to me especially important as a symptom of the times. It is the most eloquent reflection of the success propaganda being pushed by Communists and their fellow-travelers in this country and throughout the world on the basis of Soviet military prowess. Not only in kind but also in technique and often in the very phraseology it parallels the success propaganda unloosed by Nazi agents in the years of Germany's melodramatic military conquests.

That is one reason why the Laski thesis is worth examining. He probably puts his case as persuasively as any living writer has been able to do. His English style is excellent; his scholarship is genuine and expansive, although sometimes worn with display and vanity. These things give him great advantages as a controversialist. He does not affront the intelligence of his readers by flat mendacity about

known historical facts in the manner of the incredibly ignorant Dean of Canterbury and the other hallelujah-singers. He shows great agility in safeguarding his flank and rear by throwing in occasional admissions of cruelty and poverty in the Soviet Union, while skillfully neutralizing the effect of such admissions by invoking all sorts of excuses. The result is that Laski will seem convincing to many who would reject a cruder propagandist approach.

There is also much truth in two of the contentions in the book. First, a great secular upheaval, a French or a Russian Revolution, does generate in its pioneer leaders a fanatical enthusiasm, a boundless energy, a willingness to kill or to be killed that is characteristic of new and aggressive religions. And second, no one would deny the existence of a formidable crisis of civilization in an age that has experienced two global wars within a generation, followed and preceded by several major revolutions and innumerable minor conflicts, international and internal.

But to jump from these premises to Laski's conclusion that the "central idea" of the Russian Revolution is the salvation of the world is a fantastic *non sequitur*. Laski can only achieve a sham victory in reaching this conclusion by means of a mixture of unscrupulous semantics, unconvincing analogies and omission or glossing over of a very formidable body of inconvenient facts.

First of all, the comparison between

early Christianity and Soviet communism, while it is superficially valid in some points, overlooks the very important consideration that Christianity and communism are fundamentally dissimilar in their appeal. Christianity places an emphasis on the soul, on life beyond the grave, on values that communism, by virtue of its Marxist materialistic philosophy, categorically rejects.

To the sincere Christian (and persecution was a guaranty of the sincerity of most of the primitive Christians) this life was only an unimportant prelude to eternity. To the sincere communist the ideal was, in one of Trotsky's grandiloquent phrases, to "build a paradise in this world," a paradise based on the foundations of mechanical power and energy, expressed in factories, electrical power projects, tractors and huge public buildings. One need not discuss which ideal is more desirable. The essential point is that the otherworldly ideal of Christianity tends to make its appeal to human character more permanent than the secular ideal of a French or Russian revolutionist.

In the truly spiritual sense of the word, Christianity has never conquered; the crash of blockbuster bombs is a sufficient commentary on that point. But at all times there have been individuals and small groups affected in their lives by the ideals of Christianity and of other great religions. The idealism of a secular revolution tends to evaporate with the passing of the immediate revolu-

tionary upsurge. The simple fact is that the revolutionary idealist, with his many points of psychological kinship with the religious enthusiast, is almost non-existent in Russia at the present time. When found he is jailed or executed if his idealism proves assertive.

The dream of Lenin has become the inheritance of some hardfaced men who have done very well out of the Revolution. As the Soviet régime has become more efficient it has shed its theoretical enthusiasm for equality, which it now ridicules as "bourgeois romanticism." The increasing spread in wages, salaries and standards of living, the emphasis on signs of rank, distinction and inequality, on formal titles, uniforms, medals and epaulettes have made the Communist of 1944 as different from the Communist of 1914 as the prosperous bishop under Constantine or Theodosius was different from the early saint or martyr. Laski's parallel between communism and early Christianity would have been much closer to historical truth if it had been drawn twenty-five years, or fifty years ago. Today it is obsolete, as anyone who has observed the style in which leading Communists live at home and abroad could testify.

Even less convincing is the author's effort to prove that the alternative confronting the world is Stalinite communism or hopeless chaos and disintegration. Here he is forced to adopt one of the most familiar fallacious Communist devices. This is the setting up of a double standard of

morals, by virtue of which all the defects of the Axis powers and of the democracies are thrown into a vivid spotlight, while similar or greater defects in the Soviet Union are shown, if at all, through a soft haze of considerate apologetics.

Thus Laski tells us that the Russian Revolution inspires hope because "it offers, as no rival offers, a way out for the common man from the bitter frustration of our time. It has insisted upon his inherent dignity as a person." What a bitter mockery these words would seem, if they could reach the millions of unfortunate victims of the Soviet concentration camp forced labor system, a system so cruel and inhuman that the most extreme exploitation possible under democratic capitalism seems positively humanitarian by contrast!

Laski speaks of "mass assassination" in Japan without even hinting that far larger masses of people have been assassinated, by state order, in the Soviet Union. He uses the phrase: "When Franco turned Spain into one vast prison-house"; but one will search the book in vain for any recognition that the same phrase could be applied just as legitimately to the Soviet Union.

He censures the Papacy for seeking "to maintain its power to define what men may think and do," without observing that the practical power of the Communist Party leadership to "define what men may think and do" goes far beyond anything achieved by the Papacy, even in the period of the

Church's most unlimited power and influence, in the Middle Ages.

He sees in the comparative poverty of modern literature and art the symptom of a decaying capitalism. In this connection he is obliged to admit that Soviet creative achievement in literature and the arts since the Revolution has not been notable, but he hastily attributes this to the preoccupation of the Soviet Union with industrialization and the spreading of literacy.

What Laski fails to observe in this connection is that during the generation since the Revolution the comparison between Soviet and foreign achievement in literature is far less favorable to Russia than was the case when Russia could throw such giants as Tolstoy, Turgenev and Dostoevsky into the scale. And the most important reason for this state of affairs is the Soviet censorship, so strict that it has driven many of the most gifted Soviet writers (Mayakovsky, Essenin, Bulgakov, the Ukrainian Khvilovy, to mention a few of them) to suicide or silence.

III

When men of other nations fight courageously and successfully Laski attributes this to natural causes. For Soviet military victories he attempts to find a supernatural explanation, a complete vindication of the Soviet social order. He should know enough history to realize that magnificent fighting in the past and in the present has often been done on behalf of

absolute rulers and tyrannical systems. Stalingrad acquires for him a mystical significance; the magnificent resistance of the British Isles he dismisses with little more than contempt.

Typical of the onesided character of the entire book are the author's references to the relations between the Soviet Union and foreign powers. He speaks of "the long years of hatred the Soviet Union has experienced" and asserts that "from 1917 until 1941 there was no capitalist society which was not anxious for the downfall of the Soviet Union, unwilling to build normal relations, either social or political, with its people."

It never seems to occur to him that the creation of friendship and confidence is a two-way proposition. The avowed intention of Lenin and his associates to work for the overthrow of all non-communist régimes, the long record of Communist intrigue and violence in foreign countries, the maintenance in Moscow of the headquarters of the Communist International until 1943: all this was surely not calculated to win friends and influence people favorably in non-communist countries.

Mr. Laski handles the hard truths of Soviet dictatorship as gingerly as if he were trying to pick up a redhot poker. The immense exploitation of forced labor is nowhere specifically mentioned. He indicates a vague and confused idea that the Soviet worker enjoys some kind of "economic democracy" without anywhere showing why he is freer when his pay-check

comes from the state, not from a private employer, and when the law chains him to his job as a medieval serf was attached to the land and there is no free trade-union to protect his direct interests. He quotes with approval a statement of William Morris: "Our present system compels us into cowardice, and therefore injustice." Every political and economic system places some strains on the moral courage of the individual. But for obvious reasons abject, cringing moral cowardice is far more common under totalitarian régimes, where the penalty of a decent courageous act may be the living death of the concentration camp, than under democratic systems, where *habeas corpus*, not *habeas cadaver*, is the rule in judicial procedure.

Laski has an obsession with the mean houses, squalid living conditions and inadequate material and cultural provision for the needs of the poorer classes in capitalist countries. By constantly dwelling on this subject, and prudently avoiding direct comparisons with Soviet conditions in such matters as food, clothing and housing he conveys the impression that there is no poverty in Russia. Leaving aside the results of war devastation, for which the Soviet Government and its economy cannot be held responsible, it would be safe to say that the most squalid town Dr. Laski could find in Great Britain or the United States would have more bathtubs, more sanitary facilities of every kind, more food and clothing for the population

than the typical industrial town of the Soviet Union.

And in an age of rapid technical progress and invention one wonders where the economist-author finds a scientific basis for his dogmatic assertion: "Within the ancient framework the possibility of progress was exhausted."

Behind all the fallacious sophistry of this Communist wave-of-the-future book, behind the twisted logic, the misleading analogies, the double standard of morals, the systematic weighting of evidence, one senses a mistaken conception of the crisis of our age and its remedies. All the major atrocities of our time and most of the minor ones can be traced to the triumph of fanaticisms, armed with the monstrous power of the totalitarian state. The obvious remedy would seem to lie in the substitution of reason and skepticism for fanaticism, in the curbing of state power, in the damping down of a "dynamism" that has found such appalling expression in the wholesale killing, arson and pillage of global wars and violent revolutions.

By some curious perversion of his reasoning faculties Laski has reached the conclusion that what is needed is *more* fanaticism, *more* violence, an all-engulfing civil war to succeed the horrors of the Second World War. For no one can reasonably anticipate that Stalinite communism, which is largely a product of specifically Russian historical conditions, could be clamped down on other countries

without terrific resistance and much shedding of blood.

Should Laski's dream be realized there might be "faith," of the synthetic variety which depends largely on the unlimited homicidal powers of an uncontrolled political police. But there would be little room for reason, or for civilization.

CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 261)

THE PACIFIC WORLD, edited by Fairfield Osborn. \$3.00. *Norton*. This timely and excellent book tells just about everything that anyone — whether a Pacific soldier or a layman — may wish to know about the history and the natural history of this great and strange area. The many men of learned institutions who worked on the preparation of this book deserve real gratitude; and the editing by Fairfield Osborn is not less than magnificent.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN PSYCHIATRY. \$6.00. *Columbia University Press*. PSYCHOANALYSIS TODAY, edited by Sándor Lorand. \$6.00. *International University Press, New York*. The first of these books is an enormous tome published for the American Psychiatric Association and edited by a board headed by Drs. J. K. Hall, Gregory Zilboorg and Henry Alden Bunker. It is, as the title says, an anniversary volume and contains thirteen contributions by the American psychiatrists already mentioned and also by Drs. Richard H. Shryock, Henry E. Siegrist, Winfred Overholser, Samuel W. Hamilton, John C. Whitehorn, William Malamud, Albert Deutsch, Edward A. Strecker, Thomas Verner Moore and Clyde Kluckhohn. What they have to say is occasionally intelligible to the general reader, but in the main the appeal is to specialists. Dr. Lorand's book is addressed to a far wider public, and indeed most of the chapters by

the twenty-nine contributors — all of them men of standing in the profession — can easily be understood by the proverbial average reader. The subjects covered include psychosomatic medicine, war neurosis, hysterics and phobias, child-parent relationships, juvenile delinquency, the psychology of religion, organic psychosis, and character formation.

PÉTAIN: THE OLD MAN OF FRANCE, by Janet Flanner. \$1.00. *Simon and Schuster*. This Profile of the head of Vichy first appeared in the *New Yorker* and aroused considerable attention. It holds up well between book covers. Miss Flanner sees through the somewhat emasculated pomposity and timidity of the Marshal, and his final betrayal of France, but she also sees in him a military man of much originality. Altogether, first-rate journalism.

THE GREAT DECISION, by James T. Shotwell. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. Dr. Shotwell reviews briefly the apparent and real causes of war during the last three decades, and offers illuminating comment upon the international institutions which were unable to stop these wars. As for the future he is somewhat vague, holding that some larger body must be formed to "end the threat of anarchy," but "it must be so designed as not to overturn but rather strengthen the institutions of freedom within each state." There are valuable appendices and a long and truly useful index.

FAMOUS AMERICAN COMPOSERS, by Grace Overmeyer. \$2.00. *Crowell*. Apparently addressing herself to boys and girls in their middle teens, Mrs Overmeyer discusses the lives and works of twelve American composers: Francis Hopkinson, Lowell Mason, Stephen Foster, Louis M. Gottschalk, Theodore Thomas, John Philip Sousa, Edward MacDowell, Harry T. Burleigh, Louise Homer, Charles Wakefield Cadman, George Gershwin and Aaron Copland. A thoroughly competent job that should prove of considerable value among younger students of music.

BALKAN JOURNAL, by Laird Archer. \$3.50. *Norton*. Mr. Archer has traveled throughout the Balkans for twenty-one years, and for more than half of them he was foreign director of the Near

East Foundation with headquarters in Athens. This is a collection of notes Mr. Archer jotted down in his journal from June 1934 to August 1941, when the last Americans left Greece, which by then had been taken over by the Nazis. Mr. Archer knew his Greeks, from King George and Dictator Metaxas down to the lowliest shepherd boy and toiling housewife, and he presents his observations of them simply and revealingly. A valuable contribution to the history of the times. There is a foreword by Harry Scherman.

THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR PEACE, by Andre Visson. \$3.00. *Viking*. Mr. Visson, now on the staff of the *Reader's Digest* and formerly with *Time*, is one of the abler journalists of our day, with wide experience in this country and in Europe. He labels his book "a guide through the labyrinth of the United Nations," centering his attention on political and psychological factors rather than economic ones. In the main he contents himself with describing the forces that brought the United Nations into being, and the likely problems which will face them in the postwar world. Not a brilliant, but a useful, book.

TRUMPET VOLUNTARY, by G. B. Stern. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Like *Another Part of the Forest*, the autobiographical *Trumpet Voluntary* is a collection of memories of and reflections on persons and places, cats and houses, and the views from many windows. It is a kind of reaffirmation of Miss Stern's enthusiasm for life—though somewhat overbalanced in favor of its trivia. There are countless penetrating observations, some personal, others aesthetic or moral, and many passages of great charm and quiet nostalgia.

WORLD MAPS AND GLOBES, by Irving Fisher and O. M. Miller. \$2.50. *Essential Books*. Dr. Fisher is the eminent Yale economist and Mr. Miller has an enviable reputation as a geographer in both England and the United States. In this book they attempt to take the general reader behind the scenes of map-making, an ancient and honorable science that enjoys far too little popular understanding. Messrs. Fisher and Miller explain the inevitable errors of the old flat maps and even of the more elaborate global maps, and they describe clearly the modern methods em-

ployed to correct these errors. An ably written and fascinating book, and generously illustrated.

BATTLE OF THE OCEANS, by Warren Armstrong. \$2.50. *Liveright*. An expansion of articles about the British Merchant Marine that originally appeared in a London sensational weekly newspaper, *The People*. Unfortunately for the men to whom Armstrong tries to pay tribute, he belongs to the copious quotation mark and dot dot dot school of writing and has too good a memory for trite phrases.

ON LIVING IN A REVOLUTION, by Julian Huxley. \$2.50. *Harper*. This collection of essays by one of the most learned men of the English-speaking world, unfortunately, adds little to his reputation. When they appeared in magazines, during the past three years, they undoubtedly made inspiring reading, but between the covers of a book they seem thin, occasionally shrill, and always rather hollow. Mr. Huxley thinks that "there has been a general, radical and on the whole intelligent change in outlook since 1939," and that "for the first time the idea of the *right kind of change* has emerged."

IT ALL GOES TOGETHER, by Eric Gill. \$3.50. *Devlin-Adair*. Mr. Gill (1882-1940) was one of the most distinguished typographers and stone carvers of the past half century. He also was a philosopher who knew a great deal and mixed that knowledge with a strange mixture of religious bigotry and very acute feeling for aesthetic values. He didn't like the Machine Age and was inclined to sneer at all other religions save the Catholic, and frequently got himself into a dither about mysterious evils in twentieth century life, but when he wrote on poetry, sculpture, fiction-writing, music, and town-planning he always made sense and often reached sublime heights of vision.

FICTION

CROSS-SECTION. *A Collection of New American Writing*, edited by Edwin Seaver. \$3.50. *L. B. Fischer*. Mr. Seaver has selected from more than 1000 manuscripts forty-odd that he thought
(Continued on page 382)

THE OPEN FORUM

THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

SIR: In Mr. Stettinius's absence, I wish to answer Miss Helen Worden concerning her statement about the payment of expenses of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor by the State Department under a Lend-Lease arrangement. [Two letters on this subject appeared in the August Open Forum.]

I can assure you that the State Department has never paid out any funds whatsoever to meet the expenses of the Windsors on their visits to the United States. In addition, we can find no evidence that any expenditures for this purpose have ever been made by any other agency of the Federal Government.

The Foreign Funds Control of the Treasury Department has stated to us that the exchange control on funds of British citizens is a purely internal British matter in which the United States is not involved in any way. The acting chief of the Foreign Funds Control assures us that they are in no way concerned with the exchange arrangements which the Windsors make with the British government.

Miss Worden states that an officer from the State Department was seen with the Windsors on some of their visits to this country. Any such personnel was assigned by the State Department purely for protective purposes. This is, of course, nothing more than a normal diplomatic courtesy.

Mr. Stettinius has asked me to express to you his appreciation of your interest in this matter and your courtesy in sending him Miss Worden's statement of her view of the facts. I hope that the information herein will serve to clarify any doubts about the matter.

HAYDEN RAYNOR,

*Special Assistant to the Under Secretary
Department of State,
Washington, D. C.*

SIR: I am writing you in protest of an article on the Duchess of Windsor by Miss Helen Worden

which appeared in the June *MERCURY*. As a friend of the Duke and the Duchess I resent the unfairness of this article on account of the entirely false statements therein, which I would like to point out to you.

Firstly, the Duchess does not own a hundred dresses and during the three or four months of the winter season in Nassau, for the last four years, I have many times seen her wear the same dress. As to the prices that Miss Worden seems to think Mainbocher gets for his dresses, it is too absurd to argue about it.

I would like to ask Miss Worden when the Duchess finds time to take care of her "re-styling and repairing of the more valuable furs and jewels" as her every minute is taken up by being the head of the Red Cross, running the canteen for enlisted men (which she created by herself and even made the curtains for it), and which has been a life-saver for both the men of the RAF, and our own American troops. She also runs the Dundas Clinic, which besides being of medicinal help to the Negroes also teaches them occupations to help them find jobs. She is also the head and advisor of all charity entertainments that are given in Nassau for both American and British causes, and besides she is one of the best house-keepers I have ever seen, running Government House and giving official dinner parties practically every night, which is part of her job. If she orders the wine, she does no more than any wife would do to spare her very busy husband the extra bother.

No one who knows this couple could disregard their great love for each other and their complete happiness.

I have never seen the Duchess on the golf course, which is the Duke's only relaxation, and I have never seen the Duchess in "an old-fashioned bathing suit!"

The story about her face being lifted is an absolute lie. She certainly looks ten or more years

younger than her age but she has looked the same for the last twenty years.

To say she took thirty-one trunks to Newport is ridiculous. In these times without her own private truck how could she ever have got them there, and also I ask you how could any woman find what she wanted for three evenings out of thirty-one trunks, without going crazy!

There has never been a photo of Von Ribbentrop in Government House.

She is one of the few women who is completely devoid of feminine jealousy and spite and she is a wonderful friend to the women she likes and indifferent to the ones she doesn't.

I think some mention should be made of her marvellous sense of humor and real wit, and to say she has no warmth or interest in her fellow-men is to admit that one does not know her at all.

MARGARET OTIS ODMAN

Manchester, Massachusetts

SIR: I have read and reread Helen Worden's article, "The Duchess of Windsor". It is an interesting character sketch — of Helen Worden.

This might be a good time to remind the world of the following characteristics and incidents pertaining to the Duchess and the Duke, reported by the newspapers preceding and following the abdication of Edward VIII. If they are incorrect or slanted, the publishers have themselves to blame for molding public opinion in the way that seemed most expedient at the time.

Both of Wallis Simpson's previous husbands (and not "several" husbands) had nothing but praise for her, publicly, at that time. Both characterized her as a "fine woman." It is natural, under such circumstances, to assume that possibly Wallis was too fine for them — or at least, was not to blame for her divorces.

The then Mrs. Simpson asked Edward VIII not to abdicate and offered to drop out of the picture, but Edward refused — not Wallis — to agree to this arrangement.

Innumerable persons were quoted as saying that Wallis Simpson possessed a most unusual charm, and many said that she always was most popular in a gathering of women. Such charm is not acquired nor built upon a wardrobe by Hattie Carnegie or Mainbocher. What attractive woman has not experienced the surprise of finding herself,

impeccably arrayed, completely overshadowed by a dowdy looking woman with this charm?

With literally the world to choose from, Edward VIII chose this thirty-nine-year-old, not beautiful nor voluptuous appearing woman. He was quoted as saying, then, that he fell in love with her mind and soul and heart and not with her looks. What better basis for true love?

Any society woman, now reported to be ignoring the Duchess of Windsor, would have been overwhelmed at the thought of her daughter's being chosen by Edward VIII. Society debts coasted for months on the achievement of having danced with the Prince of Wales. After Edward met Wallis, so the papers said, he never danced with anyone else.

Now, a reporter, who has "observed" the Duchess from the angle of a reporter, assails the dignity of that lady with such expressions as these: "is parked" in Nassau; "frustrated" in her "passionate ambitions"; etc.

This reporter says that the Duchess takes her place with Nell Gwyn, Anne Boleyn, DuBarry, Montez and Lupescu. SHE DOES NOT. For which of these women did a king abdicate, in order to marry her? It is insulting in the extreme to compare her with the obvious Lupescu, whose every line is common, and whose consort is likewise . . . the product of a long line of royal riff-raff.

Helen Worden goes on: "In them [clothes] a large part of her personality resides"; "she spares no effort to put it there"; style is a "profession" with her. She is "flat-chested"; "in a huff" she "waltzed" across to Valentina; "patched up" a "tiff". She "insisted" on denying [implication that the denial was false] that she had had her face lifted.

Helen Worden goes on and on; and, incidentally, where did she get all this information that Professor Cheiro supposedly gave the Duchess of Windsor? "Ambitious" — and why not? More "masculine than feminine" in her decisions. She "has her jewels to keep the wolf from the door".

To most women, any woman who is direct is an enigma. From her appearance, and from the reports I have read about her, I believe that Wallis Windsor — or Wallis, Duchess of Windsor — is an unusually frank and direct person, who tempers this integrity with a thoughtfulness for the

feelings of others whom she loves, and who has little or no regard for those she does not love, or in whom she senses no strength of character.

ELEANOR HORNE

Monterey, California

THE REGULATION OF UNIONS

SIR: I am advised that Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard wrote, in the June issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* that I stated before a panel conducted by the American Civil Liberties Union last February, that labor unions should be regulated.

I have written to Mr. Villard and explained that he was mistaken in his impressions about the position which I took at the meeting of the panel. I did not say, and I do not believe that labor unions should be regulated.

I left the panel meeting after speaking. I am told that almost immediately thereafter one of the panel members rose and interpreted some of my remarks as admitting the desirability of regulation. Other members of the panel recognized the distortion. Mr. Villard may have had this incident in mind. I was no longer present to correct the erroneous impression.

JAMES B. CAREY,
Secretary-Treasurer

*Congress of Industrial Organizations,
Washington, D. C.*

SIR: My recollection is that I heard Mr. Carey say that labor faced government regulation and should be regulated, and I sat nearer to him than anyone else in the audience. A member of the panel rose to his feet after Mr. Carey left the room and said that he never thought that he would hear a union leader support the idea of governmental regulation of trade unions.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

New York City

COLLEGES IN POSTWAR AMERICA

SIR: Dr. Chase in "College in Postwar America," in the July *AMERICAN MERCURY*, has brought together the many subjects of discussion among college and university men and women. It is interesting to have the point of view of a man like Dr. Chase, and in the main I am in considerable agreement with him. My own opinion is that American higher education will be changed less

by the war than Dr. Chase seems to imply. The methods and techniques devised by the armed forces in their training programs will be given some consideration, but just as peacetime education was inadequate for the conditions of war, so the methods employed in the training of soldiers for a specific job will hardly apply in peacetimes. Of course, educators will take note of everything the armed forces have done, but it would be a mistake to assume that the intensive demands of the Army and Navy can be applied to the more leisurely acquisition of knowledge during peacetime.

Except for the above comment on one item, I repeat that I am in general agreement with President Chase's point of view.

C. B. HERSHEY,
Acting President

*Colorado College,
Colorado Springs, Colorado*

GOOD USAGE

SIR: "The reason . . . is because." This piece of revolting redundancy — the solecistic darling of every Babbitt in the land — is becoming so popular with American writers and speakers that there is good reason to dread the appearance soon of a new edition of Webster's *New International Dictionary* with the special purpose of countenancing it. Dictionaries will, you know, countenance anything that the Babbitts adopt. For example, the Babbitts insisted on using data as a singular noun; Webster has yielded to this ignorant misusage of the word.

I have seen "the reason . . . is because" several times in recent years even in the impeccable editorial columns of *The New York Times* — most recently, June 10, in Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick's distinguished column where, of all places, one would have looked for it last and been most surprised to find it.

In the meantime, however, Mr. Editor, while waiting for this new edition of Webster to tell us that the Babbitts have won out and that "the reason . . . is because" is become good English, please do what you can to keep this sickening solecism, this verbal monstrosity, from fixing itself in and mutilating our wonderful language.

It is a verbal irritant almost as exasperating as

the ignorant misuse — no so common — of the word “blueprint” as a substitute for the word “plan” — in most cases a piece of silly abuse ascribable to the users’ ignorance of the true relation between a blueprint and the drawing from which it is derived. In ninety-five cases out of a hundred “plan” is the word and “blueprint” is an unpardonably ignorant catachrestic substitute for it.

WILLIAM H. RASCHB

Blacksburg, Virginia

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

STR: I’m maddern Woollcott’s shade must have been reading Cerf’s minority report on him. For you permitted Cerf (August MERCURY) to call Woollcott’s pin-up girl Minnie Madden Fiske. Fie! For she was, of course, Minnie Maddern Fiske.

R. D. GUDGEON,
Captain, AUS.

Overseas.

“AN ANTI-NAZI ALLEGORY”?

STR: I cannot agree at all with Mr. F. S. Campbell’s interpretation of one of the latest works of the Nazi poet Ernst Juenger, *On the Marble Cliffs*. If this novel by the Nazi poet is an anti-Nazi allegory, then the author succeeded in hiding its deeper meaning so well that not only the Nazis but also the anti-Nazis have obviously been misled. The unprejudiced reader must take this novel at its face-value, namely as glorification of destruction, war and final catastrophe. The very climax of this book is the minute and passionate description of the annihilation of a country through a conflagration of superhuman magnitude. Here the author delights in painting with an artistry unaffected by any human feeling the most gruesome details of the demolition of an ancient country. To the poet Ernst Juenger all the terror, all the human despair involved in this apocalypse is nothing but an aesthetic spectacle.

If we are to accept F. S. Campbell’s interpretation and to recognize Hitler in the old “Head Ranger” and Hess in “Belovar,” than the deep sympathetic feeling of the author for both figures

is very significant. Let us hear how he describes the death of this Belovar: “He had found an appropriate death in the full turmoil of Life, where red hunters chase red game through the forests in which death and voluptuousness are deeply entangled. For a long time I looked into the eyes of the old friend and laid a handful of earth upon his chest. The great Mother (Nature) whose wild and gory revels he had celebrated, is proud of such sons.”

On the Marble Cliffs appeared at the beginning of this war and is the truest interpretation of the blind and nihilistic passion for violence and ruin with which a greater part of the German intelligentsia was imbued at this time. Another book by Ernst Juenger is *Der Arbeiter* (The Worker), one of the most genuine expressions of the spiritual nihilism so characteristic of the Hitler youth. Let me quote only two significant sentences: “The more senseless a sacrifice, the more valuable it is,” and “Today the highest form of human perfection consists in handling explosives.”

If any poet can be called responsible for what we might interpret as “Nazi philosophy”, it is Ernst Juenger whose influence on the German academic youth has been enormous. There is no mystery involved in the question why the Nazis did not confiscate *On the Marble Cliffs*; it was exactly this kind of blind exaltation of death and destruction which was necessarily welcome at the start of Hitler’s bloody enterprise in the Fall of 1939.

We have heard of some Italian fascists who have recently been spending considerable money in supporting the Italian underground-movement in order to build up an “alibi.” In a similar way, some German writers who for a decade and longer indulged in glorifying war and victory will gradually sprinkle their books with a touch of pacifism. And when Germany is in the final stages of defeat, we can be sure that most of these writers will already have taken refuge in the arms of world-loving pacifism. Let us remain suspicious of their too timely conversion to human brotherhood.

EUGENE GUERSTER-STEINHAUSEN

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(Continued from page 377)

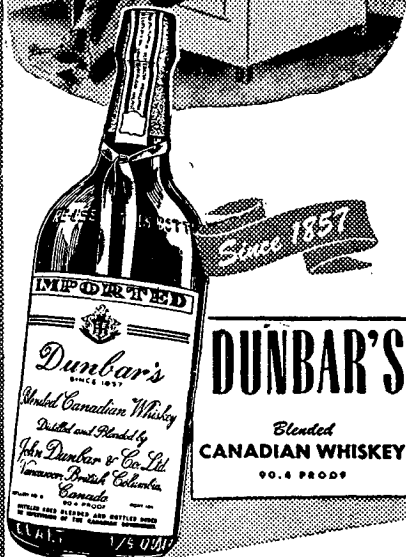
deserved publication for their high quality. Among the selections are novelettes, short stories, plays, poems, and one critical essay, and among the authors represented are some well known (Richard Hughes, Ira Wolfert, Edith Morris, Paul Peters, Langston Hughes) and some who seem to be total newcomers (Henry Stone, Jay Williams, Edwin Honig and others). The volume as a whole is almost incredible in its sheer poverty of talent. The novelettes by Richard Hughes and Ira Wolfert, who have written presentable things in the past, are embarrassingly inept. Mr. Hughes doesn't seem to know what he's aiming at, and Mr. Wolfert apparently can't make up his mind whether he wants to write like Ernest Hemingway, Walter Pater, or the *Daily Worker*. Of the nearly twenty short stories, only one is readable, "American Gothic," by Betty Baur, and of the batch of poems only the three very short ones by Langston Hughes reveal power — "Madam and the Minister," "Madam and Her Might-Have-Been," and "Madam and the Wrong Visitor." The lonely critical essay, something on current war fiction by Stanley Edgar Hyman, is written like a night-school prize composition.

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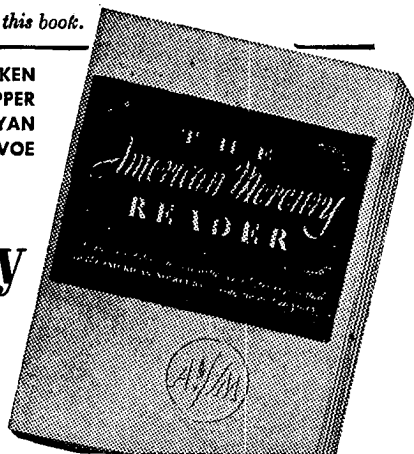
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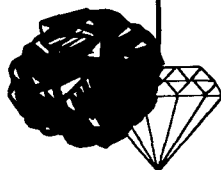
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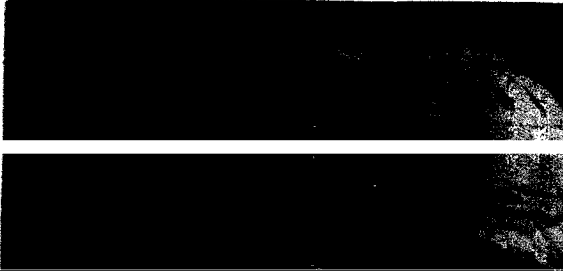
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